

**C N CALLING**

Life is mostly froth and bubble,  
Two things stand like stone:  
Kindness in another's trouble,  
Courage in your own.

Number 1007

JULY 9, 1938

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Thursday, 2d

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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

THREE TREES  
AND  
THREE FRIENDS

See page 9

## THE PALACE OF THE FAIRY QUEEN

### Titania Invites Us All THE MOST WONDERFUL LITTLE HOUSE IN THE WORLD

In a sunlit garden in Ireland thirty years ago a small girl pointed to a fairy disappearing among the gnarled roots of an old sycamore her father was sketching. Where had she gone?

To Fairyland, of course, the Painter said. To a beautiful little Palace no human eye could see. He began to imagine what that Palace might look like, who lived in it, how it was decorated and furnished.

#### Her Iridescence

When Her Iridescence Titania, Queen of Fairyland, knew what was in his mind she whispered to him,

"Build me a home in which I may show human children the treasures of Fairyland, from which I may broadcast my message, telling them that there are crippled, unhappy, and neglected children whom fairies cannot help except through their willing agency."

So the Painter (Sir Neville Wilkinson), then a fine tall man in his thirties, went to work to carry out the wishes of the Fairy Queen. Sixteen years later her Palace was opened by a human queen, Queen Mary, at Olympia. People flocked to see it at the rate of a thousand a day. In two weeks £400 had been raised for the Children's Union of Waifs and Strays and The League of Pity. In the first two years of its life it earned £3000. Between then and now it has travelled in many parts of the world. Today it stands again in London, at Waring's in Oxford Street, for every child to see if he has sixpence.

Lucky the visitor who finds the Painter there to show him round, for so great is the wealth of the Fairy Queen that one could live in her Palace for very many days and not get to know all its wonders.

#### 4000 Things

To understand all there is to be known about each of the 4000 objects that make up this treasure-house of Tincraft would give us a fairly complete picture of life on this planet from prehistoric times, and to understand why many of the objects were selected by the Painter at Titania's bidding would lead us to a whole library of fairy tales.

Titania's throne, for example, a gorgeous peacock made of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires that once belonged to the Empress Eugenie, rests on a slip of vitrified bone from a mastodon dug up in Colorado. In the Chapel is a casket set with gems from the necklace of a Princess of Ur of the Chaldees, who lived at the

time of Abraham. In Oberon's study is a tiny enamel horse that has lain buried in an Egyptian grave for 3000 years.

There are carved tourmaline birds made for the Empress of China; there is a golden bowl from the Royal palace, Mandalay, there is a reliquary made from the root of the tree under which Livingstone's heart is buried in Africa, there are two small gold figures by Benvenuto Cellini, there are landscapes painted about 1650. The walnut dining-table, two inches high, is laid with doyleys of pillow lace made by orphans in Jerusalem, and in Oberon's Museum is the most wonderful tiny soup ladle in the world, of Bristol glass.

But Titania's Palace is more than a marvellous museum of miniature works of art. It is full of fairy lore. There is the vine from which the pumpkin came that made Cinderella's coach, there is the spinning wheel on which Sleeping Beauty pricked her finger, there is the globe Puck used to "put a circle round the earth in 40 minutes," there is the ship of Sindbad the Sailor and, hard by, Pandora's box.

#### Home Life in Fairyland

A tour of the Palace with the Painter throws considerable light on the home-life of the Little People. Fairy children are apparently no tidier than human ones, for they have left their toys all about the nursery. Whoever used the paint box last forgot to wipe it out and put it away. But if they are not over-tidy they are wonderfully clean.

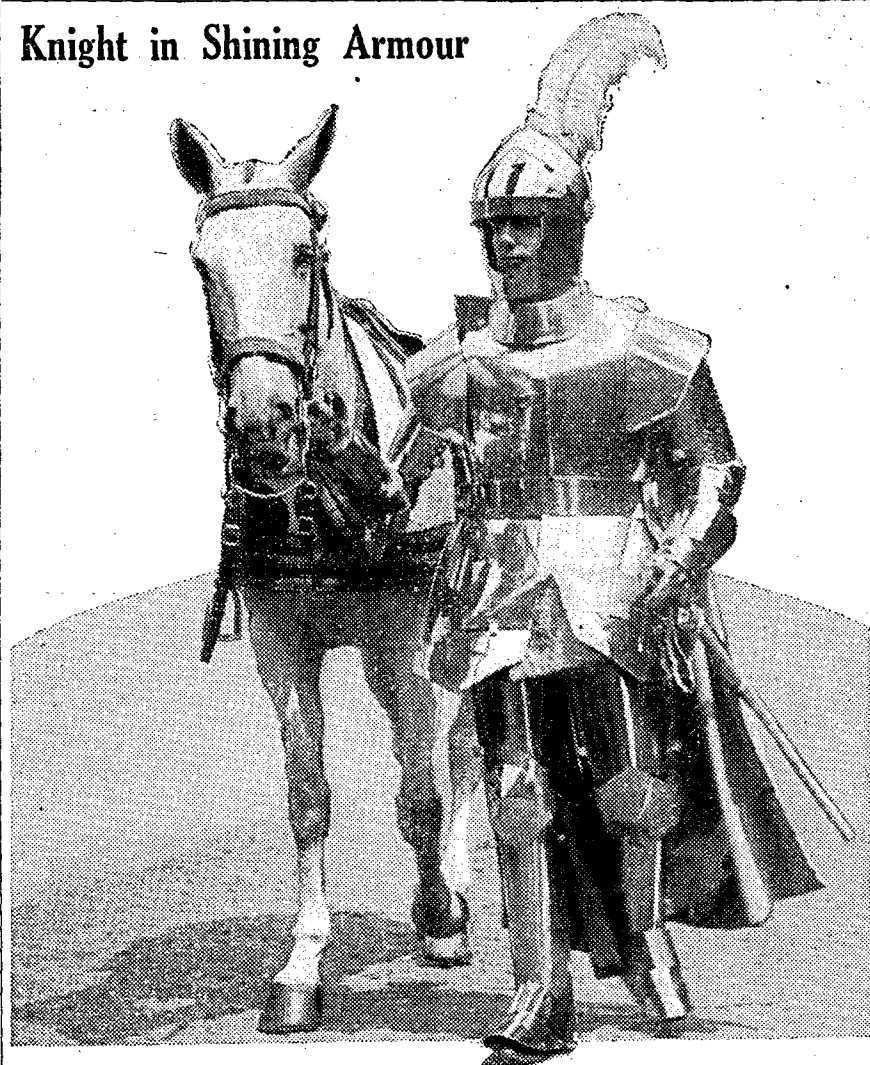
The royal table stands ready for a meal, but there is no kitchen, no scullery, not even a kitchenette, for, as Balek has told us, "The spirits of the air live on the smells of fruit." True, in Titania's Boudoir there is a tiny cake with fancy icing, but it is still uncut, and, more remarkable still, two tiny pots of jam in the nursery remain untouched.

But it is hardly fair to go skipping about the Palace like this as if we too were fairies; it is better to make a straightforward human tour, from room to room. We can only call at one or two, the outside walls of mahogany having been removed to let us look inside.

First we see the Hall of the Guilds, and if we are six or eight, or even ten, we have a breath-taking glimpse through the open door at the end

Continued on page 2

### Knight in Shining Armour



A mounted policeman in stainless steel armour at Manchester's centenary celebrations

## THE AGE OF NEW HORIZONS

### Television Growing Bigger

THE CN the other day went into a London cinema and saw moving pictures of a Test Match.

This may not appear to be a thrilling item of news, but in fact it was quite a momentous little occasion. We were not watching a news-reel film taken a day or two before, but the first television projection of a Test Match on a big screen.

It would be idle to claim that television pictures on such a grand scale are quite as good in brilliance and definition as films, but it was significant that we soon became so interested in the cricket that we forgot the television. However, even the sight of Hammond at the wicket could not obscure the wonder of sitting in a darkened cinema in central London and watching a game in the sunshine at Lord's. The televising of actual events is even now almost a commonplace on the home screen only a few inches wide, but when hundreds of people can watch a screen eight feet wide our astonishment seems to be magnified in proportion.

By means of a telescopic lens on the camera we saw a batsman, almost life-

size, standing at the wicket. Suddenly he took a stride forward, his bat flashed in a wide arc, there was a click as the ball sped to the boundary—and we knew that we had seen that stroke at precisely the same instant as the crowd on the field.

Television is truly a Magic Mirror, for it instantaneously reflects a moving scene, but with many miles and many obstacles between the scene and the reflection.

The Test Match was a memorable victory for the Baird and Gaumont-British engineers, with much credit also due to the B B C, which has given us the world's first and best television service.

Boys and girls who have grown up with loudspeakers in their homes may not realise how short a time it is since wireless was in the crystal-set stage. They did not see the beginning of wireless, but they are seeing the beginning of television, and the time is near when English cricketers will step into a plane one Saturday and on the following Saturday we at home shall watch them playing in Australia.

There is little doubt that we are on the threshold of the Age of New Horizons.



## HERR HITLER'S UTOPIA Germany Over All

All Germany is to join in the Nazi Push. All of military age must serve in the Army, but that is not enough.

Everyone, young or old, male or female, professor, clerk, schoolmaster, printer, dustman or doorkeeper must now be prepared to do anything or go anywhere. The State will tell him where to go, and when to step off.

In short, in the totalitarian Nazi State there will be a job for everyone and everyone for a job, and the Fatherland will decide what it is to be. The German motto will be "Father knows best."

This decree of Field-Marshal Goering, under the Four-Year Plan, does not hang over the German people in times of peace and plenty. When all is going well with the Fatherland, the good German (not being a Jew) may go about his lawful occasions without hindrance, though not without supervision.

But where the call for labour is urgent, and some piece of State work has to be done, especially in the heavy industries of mining, steel, and armaments, everybody must be prepared to labour in the vineyard appointed for him or for her.

Thus, according to plan, will rise the Utopian modern State Deutschland Uber Alles, Germany Over All, where all must work alike, think alike, speak alike, and alike give thanks and praise to whichever German gods may be. It does not sound much like freedom.

### E. V. LUCAS

#### A Bright Pen Will Write No More

A worldwide public in the vast kingdom of readers will miss the bright pen of E. V. Lucas, who passed on last week.

He was responsible for thousands of happy holidays abroad, for he gave us guide books to Rome, Florence, and Paris; we found people in all the great galleries there with Mr E. V. Lucas's book in their hands. He was responsible for thousands of happy hours at home, for his anthologies are full of lovely things. He was responsible for much joy among children with such things as:

*Pudding and pie  
Says Jane; Oh my!  
Which would you rather?  
Said her father.  
Both, said Jane,  
Quite loud and plain.*

He was responsible for jogging people's memories about a thousand half-forgotten things, and, of course, he was famous for his loyalty to the memory of Charles Lamb. He was never tired of paying tribute to that master of the essay; we may call E. V. Lucas one of Lamb's greatest successors, for his essays are countless and are always worth reading.

It is a long time ago, but it was E. V. Lucas and his friend Mr C. L. Graves who set all London laughing with their skit on the Editor's History of the World, which was then selling in hundreds of thousands, and his other serial, the World's Great Books, in which the problems of its two editors were epitomised, one verse ending:

*It can't be done, said Hammerton,  
It must be done, said Mee.*

### Red Roses

Our friend "Tubby" Clayton, founder of Toc H and Vicar of All Hallows, has been paying to the Lord Mayor the tribute of a red rose.

We do not know if the All Hallows rose (given for rent of property) is the only rose rent in the City, but we believe the Editor of the C N receives the only rose rent for the Electric Grid, his rose being the rent for an electric cable passing under his drive at Eynsford Hill.

## Palace of the Fairy Queen

Continued from page 1

of Titania's jewelled throne. From the ceiling hang the banners of all those States the Palace has honoured by its presence. Opening from this room, on the right, is the Hall of the Order of the Fairy Kiss, with a dancing floor of 2000 little pieces of wood, and an elaborate Minstrels Gallery. A beautiful piece of hand-wrought silver frames the doorway to the Chapel, where stained glass windows cast a jewelled light on a floor of white marble. In the centre, open on a reading stand, is a Book of Hours written on vellum about 1450. Behind it, the reredos represents four years of the Painter's life as an artist; it won him honours in the Royal Society of Miniature Painters. The little organ has 32 notes and five stops and can really be played.



THE ARCHITECT OF TITANIA'S PALACE  
AND ONE OF ITS VISITORS  
Sir Neville Wilkinson and Shirley Temple

From the Chapel a secret door leads to Titania's Boudoir—a room only 14 inches high. Here we are immediately in the intimate atmosphere of the fairies' home life. Titania, of course, loves music, and the copy of the spinet on which Handel played to the children of the Foundlings Hospital was made for this room. Upstairs are the bedrooms of the four little princesses who command

earth, air, fire, and water, and the nursery where baby Prince Crystal is asleep in his cot. Downstairs is the dining-room with the Chippendale chairs, and on the sideboard miniature pieces of silver as fine as anything of their kind in the world. The morning room has a bureau containing drawers so small that four can stand on a stamp.

The mosaics in the bathroom are all works of art. The ceiling is composed of 250,000 separate small spots. The floor, comprising a mere 8000 spots, took five months to paint.

In the Private Entrance Hall downstairs we find Titania's bicycle and Prince Crystal's pram. Princess Elizabeth and Shirley Temple are among the few humans who have ever been allowed to wheel this fairy pram. The very first name in the guest book on the table is Queen Mary's.

Stairs lead from this hall to the royal bedchamber, where the words of the first English song ever set to music are enshrined in gold in the frieze, *Sumer is icumen in*.

We pass to Oberon's room and then, at last, to the most splendid of all, the Throne Room, but this we shall not attempt to describe. Go to see it yourself; it will be at Waring's till July 23.

Our tour ends. We stand speechless, marvelling at the wealth of wonders that stands on a space very little bigger than a billiard table. We begin to understand how its creation could occupy 18 years of the life of the Painter. What a labour of love! After having packed and unpacked the 4000 pieces of this remarkable collection 160 times, and shipped the three tons of it round the inhabited globe, Sir Neville Wilkinson still says, as he said in the beginning,

*If one cripple walks by reason of its making,  
Titania's Palace has not been built in vain.*

In vain? Such labour of love is the secret of the peace the world is looking for. It is the spirit of Titania's Palace that yet will save mankind and fill the world with one wide human brotherhood.

### OIL AND GAS

#### A Well Experiment in Scotland

An experimental oil well at Dalkeith in Scotland last week produced three barrels of crude oil.

The oil came from a depth of 1760 feet, and it is hoped that the yield may justify breaking up the oil-sands for development. It is significant that during the experiment vast quantities of natural gas were found at a lower level, as much as five million cubic feet a day being available.

### The Goldsmiths Show Their Silver

At Goldsmiths Hall is to be seen a magnificent exhibition of contemporary silverware.

The silver is seen by candlelight, and includes a cup belonging to the Crown plate of the Palace of Holyrood and made to celebrate the Coronation.

The occasion is of special interest, because it is the first time in their 600 years that the Goldsmiths have organised such an exhibition; it is open until July 16.

### Jubilee of a Fish

In one of the peaceful fresh-water tanks at the wonderful Zoo Aquarium lives a fish which has just celebrated its 50th birthday.

It is a sterlet, a fresh-water sturgeon, and its life has not been uneventful for a fish. It began humbly in the Danube, rose to have the Tsar of Russia as its master, was sent by him to an aquarium in England, and finally landed in the Zoo Aquarium, where its heavily armoured body is of much interest to visitors.

### ONE DAY LAST WEEK

#### Three Lives

Perhaps some day somebody will write a book on the unnoticed things that happen in one day of the world.

Three lives ended in the world one day last week, which we are glad to record.

*A young Hungarian artist who was making a great reputation saw a girl drowning in the Danube and gave up his life in trying to save her; he was George Nemes, aged 32.*

*A poet and educator, a Negro scholar working to uplift his race, was killed by a motor car in New York; he was James Weldon Johnson.*

*The young ruler of 350,000 people, the Raja of Gangpur, died on a holiday in London. He was 18 and his State was being administered by the Indian Government until he was 21.*

### The Tests on the Tram

Although they had to work while thousands sat comfortably by their warm fires listening in to the Test Cricket scores, the men working on Melbourne's all-night tram service did not miss the fun.

Many of them took wireless sets from home and installed them on the trams. Thus drivers, conductors, and passengers could hear the details of the Cricket Match being played 12,000 miles away.

### The King and Queen

The royal visit to France, having been postponed owing to the sorrowful bereavement of the Queen (whose mother, the Countess of Strathmore, was laid to her rest last week at Glamis) is to take place on July 19.

The King and Queen hope to spend three days in the French capital.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

A lady beloved by poor Manchester children has passed on, Mrs C. E. M. Garrett, who founded the convalescent home at Conway where thousands of children have spent delightful holidays.

A mysterious visitor, thought to be a mud-turtle from Africa, was found not long ago in the Military Canal at Kenardington, in Kent; it was eleven inches long.

The River Baptee, in India, changing its course the other day, washed away a village.

A carrier pigeon has flown from Apeldoorn in Holland, to Berlin, at 66 miles an hour.

Leigh Hall College at Southend is one of the first schools where the pupils have lessons in television.

The Carnegie Trustees have decided to help the Education Department in Ceylon in the struggle against illiteracy by providing travelling cinema sets and wireless for village schools.

Australian cyclists may now be fined £10 for riding more than two abreast in the streets of Melbourne.

The first flying-boat service to leave Southampton for Sydney, in Australia, a nine-day journey, was so well supported that it had to be duplicated, twenty passengers and nearly three tons of mail being carried.

The children's beach by the Tower has had 60 tons of fine sea-sand from Holland added to it.

A town school at Streatham is exchanging visits with a country school at Sittingbourne.

A cat which was at the Battle of Vimy Ridge has died at Covehithe, in Suffolk.

Walter Disney has been honoured by Yale University with the degree of Master of Arts, which was conferred on him because "he has given animals souls."

The Minister for Air is appealing for the record number of 31,000 recruits for the RAF this year, including 2100 pilots and 550 observers.

### Beyond His Power

Richard the Third is reputed to have offered his kingdom for a horse.

Had he been able to offer the world he could not have obtained that modern friend of man, the humble bicycle.

Lord Southwood

### THINGS SEEN

Baby goats escaping from the Children's Zoo by slipping under the turnstile.

A long line of cars held up at Newquay by a mouse which was running to and fro in the road.

The Lord Mayor's black cat (called Dick Whittington) jumping on the table during speeches at the Mansion House.

Children scribbling on the walls, covered with blackboard, of the Toddlers Room at a welfare centre in Peckham.

### THINGS SAID

The grandest castle of Merrie England could not compare in plumbing with the modern housing estate. Lord Southwood

Never take any kindness from anybody as if it were a right.

Sir Beachcroft Towse, V.C.

It is necessary for Japan to make up its mind to continue in China for ten years or longer. War Minister of Japan

We ought to ban products advertised in a way which disfigures the countryside. Mr H. G. Strauss, M.P.

The more beautiful and popular a district is, the more risk it runs of having its beauty destroyed.

Earl of Harewood

We can thank God that patriotism in Britain is voluntary.

Late Headmaster of Malvern School



July 9, 1938

*The Children's Newspaper*

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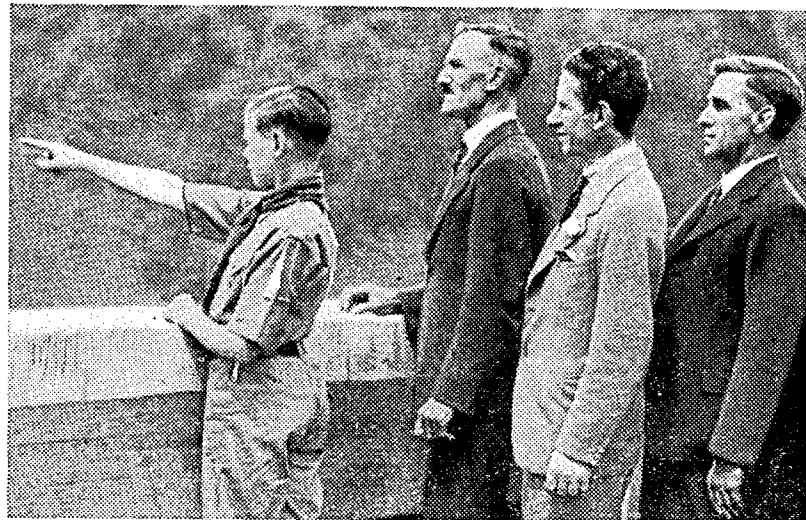
# Many-Coloured Lupins • First Boy Scouts • Palace Post Office



New Lupins—A visitor among the wonderful hybrid lupins at Codsall, near Wolverhampton, where Mr George Russell has succeeded, after years of research, in raising many beautifully coloured varieties of these popular garden flowers



Historical Pageant—Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort as they will be portrayed in Birmingham's Historical Pageant next week



Three of the First Boy Scouts—Here, on the roof of the Scout G.H.Q., a Scout of today is pointing out London to three of the Scouts who were with B-P on Brownsea Island at the first Scout Camp 31 years ago



Palace Post Office—Not only has Buckingham Palace its own telephone switchboard, but it has also postal facilities and telegraphic apparatus



## DEVELOP THE EMPIRE

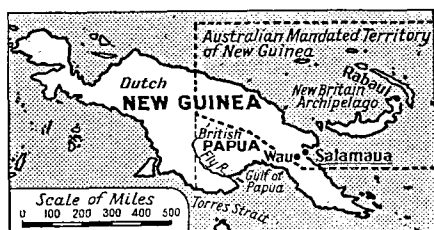
### New Capital in New Guinea

*Let those who think the British Empire is fully developed read this.*

Australia has chosen a new capital for its biggest Mandated Territory, North Eastern New Guinea, with which is linked the former Bismarck Archipelago and some of the Solomon Islands.

Until June last year the capital was Rabaul, a fine port on the island of New Britain, but Rabaul was overwhelmed by an eruption of the volcanoes which look down on it and the inhabitants have fled.

The new capital will be another port, Salamaua on the east coast of New



Guinea, and the Australian Government is proposing to spend £350,000 in transferring the capital there. It proposes also to guarantee the cost of a road connecting Salamaua with Wau in the heart of the goldfields, which as yet cannot be reached by land, so that it is the aeroplane which serves this rich area in New Guinea.

The amazing development of this Territory in recent years is seen in the export of gold and copra. In 1935 they were £69,000 and £57,000 respectively, but in 1937 were £2,000,000 and £1,200,000.

Australians are certainly putting their backs into it in New Guinea, and it is a wonderful lesson in the possibilities that lie before the Empire.

## The Flying Gipsy

Many who have seen the new Albatross plane which De Havillands have built for the Atlantic service are impressed by the long and clean lines of the cowls enclosing the four engines.

These engines are the new Gipsy-Twelve embodying several new ideas. In aircraft design the call is for streamlining, and never before has any engine achieved this to such perfection. The Gipsy-Twelve has 12 cylinders arranged in two lines of six, placed as an inverted V. This arrangement enables the whole engine to be enclosed in a cowl of circular section, having a very small frontal area. The cowl actually merges into the spinner of the airscrew.

The engine is air-cooled, and as it is totally enclosed air must be led to it. This is done through ducts fed through holes left in the leading edge of the plane's wing, and the entry of air can be controlled by hydraulically-operated flaps. Thus the drag due to the flow of air round the engine can be reduced to a minimum when the plane is cruising.

Another interesting feature of the Gipsy-Twelve, which develops 525 h.p., is that it can be made to run at its most efficient speed constantly during flight. It operates a controllable-pitch airscrew which automatically adjusts its pitch to suit the particular conditions of flight, whether climbing or cruising.

Gipsy engines have long been known in most countries of the world (more than 6000 have been sold in ten years), and this latest member of the family of nomads will soon be creating world-wide interest.

## Touch a Button and the Hill Falls Down

### THE FAIRY TALE OF CALDON LOW

MUCH grass has grown on Caldon Hill since Mary Howitt made a poem of the old legend which tells of the wonderful things that are to be seen on a midsummer night when the fairies gather there.

*And where have you been, my Mary,  
And where have you been from me?  
I've been to the top of Caldon Low,  
The midsummer night to see!*

*And what did you see, my Mary,  
All up on the Caldon Low?  
I saw the glad sunshine come down,  
And I saw the merry winds blow.*

*And what did you hear, my Mary,  
All up on the Caldon Hill?  
I heard the drops of the water made,  
And I heard the green corn fill.*

*Oh, tell me all, my Mary,  
All, all that ever you know;  
For you must have seen the fairies  
Last night on the Caldon Low!*

A wonderful sight it must have been for Mary watching the Fairies of Caldon Low, with the dancers and nine harpers, and we remember how the poem tells us of the happiness that was to come down the hill to the poor old miller, and the poor blind widow, and the poor lame weaver. But never could Mary have seen such a sight as is now to take place on Caldon Hill, never could Mary have heard such sounds as are now to be heard on Caldon Hill, for on July 12 the famous firm of Hadfields, who work these Staffordshire quarries, are to stage an extraordinary blast in the heart of this mass of limestone. Ten tons of gunpowder will be exploded and every ton will loosen ten thousand tons of rock made when the earth was laid down.

That is startling enough in itself, but it will indeed be something of a miracle,

for this great blast will be fired by the pressing of a button 150 miles away. The Chairman of the L M S, Sir Josiah Stamp (whose new title in the peerage we do not yet know) will press the button in his office at Euston Station, and by electric connection his pressing of the button will fire a shot at Caldon Hill and a hundred thousand tons of stone will come tumbling down.

Caldon Low is in a bleak and rugged district between Ashbourne and Leek in North Staffordshire. It is the summit of rising uplands and the quarries, which are 200 feet deep, are at the top of the hill. They have been worked for several hundred years.

To make the great blast effective the explosive charge must be placed within the mass of rock that is to be removed, so, 100 feet from the top of the quarry, tunnellers have driven a shaft four feet high and two feet six inches wide for 50 feet horizontally and at right angles to the quarry face. At the top end of this tunnel two arms, each 50 feet long, have been driven at right angles to the tunnel. In this gallery the ten tons of gunpowder (American tons of 2000 lbs) will be placed in three heaps and will be protected from damp. After the electrical circuits have been laid the shafts will be filled in with stone.

It is planned that a great mass of rock 250 feet long, 100 feet high, and 60 feet deep will be removed, and all that will be heard as the explosion takes place will be a dull rumble, followed by the vertical lifting of the whole face of the hill and a tremendous noise as the stone rolls down into the bottom of the quarry.

In Mary Howitt's world the fairy tales of Caldon Hill were in her mind; in our world the fairy tales of Caldon Hill have become a fact: a man touches a button and the hill falls down.

## An Autumn Meeting under the Thames

SUCH good progress has been made with the boring of the pilot tunnel of the Dartford Tunnel that the tunnellers are expected to meet under the Thames in September. Then will follow the task of enlarging this core.

Thus the marshes at Dartford and Purfleet, once the bed of a much bigger River Thames, will soon be linked again, and an important highway for road transport will be established.

The construction of the Dartford Tunnel, which is to cost about £3,500,000, is the biggest work on the Thames for 30 years (since the building of the Rotherhithe Tunnel), and it is the first Thames tunnel to be sponsored by the Government.

Great interest has been taken in the construction of the tunnel by technical experts, as the tunnel is being built deeper than was at first thought necessary, so that the men (cockney miners, they call them) have to work at double normal pressure; they are under a pressure of about 30 pounds to the square inch. The roof of the new tunnel will be 25 feet below the river bed. Because of the special requirements and the risks they run the miners are well paid, the men working on the face earning £8 or £10 a week, and the leading men £15.

The other day a C N contributor was conducted through the workings by the resident engineer, Mr J. F. Hay, who was engineer for the Mersey Tunnel, where the miners were able to work in free air, as the tunnel was bored through rock.

There is little to see above ground on the Dartford Tunnel site. Down below is where the work is done, though it is vital that the engines on each bank, capable collectively of pumping over 16,000 feet of air a minute into the shafts,

should be kept running day and night. The miners work the clock round in three shifts of eight hours.

After clocking in the men enter giant air locks. They sit in an electrically-heated compressed air chamber till the pressure is equal to that below, and then enter the lift. When their shift finishes they return to the chamber, where they are "decompressed" in order to expel nitrogen. Half the compressed air is discharged from the chamber in two or three minutes, and the second half at the rate of one pound every three minutes, so it takes these men about 45 minutes to leave work!

The miners hack away at the face at each end of the tunnel with short-handled picks, and the soil (which on the Essex side is mud and on the Kent is poor chalk) is loaded into trucks, which are conveyed to the lifts and taken to the top. It is estimated that a quarter of a million tons of earth will be excavated from the tunnel before it is finished in 1941, and every particle is wanted for raising the level of the approach roads and embankments.

Progress on the Kent side is not so great as on the Essex side, as the Kent workings are in chalk, and the compressed air blows away through the fissures. At low tide particularly the compressed air can be seen bubbling to the surface.

To consolidate the chalk the consulting engineers (Mott, Hay, and Anderson) have introduced the interesting process of cementation. Holes are bored in the chalk, and at a pressure of 100 pounds a square inch very fine liquid cement is pumped in and fills up the fissures.

Thus work on one of the wonders of British engineering, which will use up some 40,000 tons of cast iron, goes on.

## A GREAT END IN SIGHT

### The War Horses Free

At last the friends of the horse that innocently did its bit in the war can breathe a sigh of relief.

The last (or almost the last) of the War Horses which, when the war was ended, had to begin a life of labour again in Belgian fields, has been released. The Dumb Friends League can now announce that the end of the campaign to buy back those animals which served with the British Army in the War is in sight.

Twenty years hard labour—that was a severe sentence on these patient creatures who had committed no crime nor done anyone any harm. They ought never to have been sold for the sake of the paltry pounds they would bring.

But now, except for those still working out their sentence in Belgium, where their owners do not wish yet to part with them, all have come back home. The end is in sight. But there is a line in the report which rankles. The few remaining will be sold when their owners have no further use for them.

The C N is delighted to remember that its readers paid the purchase price of freedom for ten of these old heroes.

## The Tailors on the Sheep Farms

Visitors to the Wool Pavilion at the Empire Exhibition the other day had the novel experience of seeing a sheep-shearing contest between an Australian and a Scotsman.

The Australian won easily, and it was fitting that it was so, because his country has led the world in the art.

The story of wool is indeed an old one. All the world has read of the thrilling adventures of Jason in his search for the Golden Fleece. In Genesis we read that Abel was a keeper of sheep, and that Laban went to shear his father's sheep, and in those remote days the same primitive-curved sickle was probably employed for shearing as is used today in North Africa.

The evolution of shearing methods in Australia is an interesting story. A hundred years ago a squatter would pay his extra hands at shearing time £1 for 100 sheep, and 60 to 80 sheep was the average a day. In South Australia there were so few shepherds that young German women immigrants did the shearing, using shears! Records show that twelve years later, in 1850, some of the best shearers had been London tailors!

As time went by the sheep-shearing machine was gradually evolved, and today men have become so skilful that an incredible number of sheep pass through their hands, and it is quite an education to watch them at work.

### Eight and Sixteen

"My other boy of eight is a brilliant scholar," said the father to the magistrate, when excusing his elder son of sixteen.

The sixteen-year-old could not read, and so did not pull up on his bicycle at a Halt sign. It conveyed nothing to him.

The family failing cost it half-a-crown, and the father said he had now instructed his son in the meaning of the sign. Perhaps it would be advisable to proceed farther and have him taught the first of the three R's.

Every landowner and farmer in Formosa has been asked to help Japan to increase her production of engine oils by growing a certain amount of the castor-oil plant.



## AN OXFORD GROUP

From Oxford comes the story of 19 undergraduates who have been cutting down their dinners to help to provide food for under-nourished children in the north of England.

The noble 19 have saved about £120, the money being allotted to the Potteries and South Shields, where it is being spent on milk and butter and meat for children who have been suffering from malnutrition. At South Shields the medical officer, who is administering the fund, has received £50 from the Oxford undergraduates, and how welcome this sum has been we may imagine from the fact that out of about 5000 children examined he found 189 under-nourished.



A new traffic sign on the busy road between Preston and Blackpool

## A KNOWING DOG

When Gerry, a terrier, was a few weeks old he was treated at a clinic.

A week or two ago he met with an accident, and, though it is six months since he was ill, he made it his business to walk two miles from Chalfont St Giles to receive treatment at the clinic.

## OUR WILD FLOWERS

*Wild Flowers in Britain.* By Robert Gathorne-Hardy. Batsford, 8s 6d.

If there is one thing that distinguishes the books of the British Nature Library it is that they are written by those who love the things they describe when alive in their native haunts rather than as specimens in a showcase.

This is especially true of Mr Robert Gathorne-Hardy's *Wild Flowers in Britain*, for the author has written for the wayfarer rather than the professional botanist. He knows all about the science, of course, but lets his fancy run free. Any boy or girl will love this book, with colour plates and line drawings by John Nash and 100 of the best flower studies we have seen.

## GREEK CITY COMES TO LIGHT

A wonderful Greek city has recently been discovered near Arles, a French town famous for its Roman ruins.

About a dozen villas (one with twelve rooms), a pagan temple, and wonderful Greek jewels, busts, and pottery have been found among the ruins, as well as 52 Greek altars.

This beautiful city dates back to the third century before Christ.

## A MOTOR-SHIP SAILS INTO PORT

While the motor-ship Kindiesel was on her way from Grimsby to Stockton her engines broke down when she was 40 miles off Spurn Head.

As it was impossible to repair the damage there and then, the captain improvised sails by hauling aloft four tarpaulins used as hatch covers, and under this unusual spread of canvas succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Humber, where Grimsby trawlers towed him back to port.

# The Brain of the African

THE stupid white people who imagine that all black people are stupid would be surprised if they knew some of the astonishing successes of native students at Fort Hare, South Africa's native college.

The brain of the native African is often as alert as any European's.

Fort Hare's first B A degree was granted in 1923, and including this year's passes the total number of graduates is now 75. Almost all students graduate in English along with a Bantu language, ethics, psychology, or history.

Some of the students are more ambitious, one of this year's 17 natives succeeding in mathematics. Another student graduated in four legal subjects. Since 1935 at least two natives every year have graduated in the degree of B Sc at the University of South Africa.

As a rule native students take more than three years to obtain degrees, not because they are slower than their white brothers but because they are usually so poor that they have to turn from their studies to earn the fees before they can carry on again.

## MAKING EARTHQUAKES

Instead of going to the various parts of the globe where earthquakes are common, scientists in America are going to make their own quakes this summer to help them in their study of the earth's crust.

The members of the Geological Society of America have decided to produce huge blasts in various New England quarries, and they will note the time it takes for the detonation to be recorded at the various field stations.

## DUCKS FROM ICELAND

Within a few weeks it may be possible to see some Iceland ducks on Lord Sysonby's estate at Guildford.

The lake there is already known for its many varieties of ducks of brilliant plumage, but recently 12 dozen eggs of the Iceland Fea duck were shipped to Hull, flown to Croydon, and taken by car to Guildford, where it is hoped they will hatch out into strong birds. These rare ducks will be a fine sight on the lake if they should find conditions here as comfortable as those in Iceland.

## TAKING A SHIP TO PIECES

A sad and undignified fate is in store for a brand-new motor oil tanker. It has to be taken to pieces and shipped to its destination in the Persian Gulf.

It is the Anbar, recently completed at Willington Quay in Northumberland. The idea originally was to send the ship by rail to Manchester, where it would start on its long journey, but it was discovered that it was impossible for it to be carried whole by rail, and that it would have to be taken in bits by sea to its new home and put together again on arrival there.

## CORONATION SCOT FOR AMERICA

The Coronation Scot, one of our most famous express trains, is to make an overseas tour.

In April next year the train is to be exhibited at the World's Fair in New York, but in the few weeks before the exhibition it is to visit 38 cities, covering 3121 miles. The train will consist of an engine and eight coaches, and it will be one of three new train-sets being constructed for the Coronation Scot service.

Judging by the success of the Royal Scot's visit to America in 1933, when the train was inspected by more than three million people, the Coronation Scot's tour is bound to create great interest.

## THE NEW MAURETANIA

The new Mauretania, which is to be launched on July 28, has among scores of instruments an automatic echometer.

This clever piece of mechanism will continually throw a sound to the bed of the ocean, and the time taken by the echo to return will give a record of the depth. In this way the ship will automatically map the floor of the ocean as she crosses the Atlantic, the instrument making a graph of the ups and downs far below the keel.

Here and there about the vessel will be public kiosks where passengers will be able to telephone to almost any part of the world without a trace of interference.

## THE POPPIES

Enterprising junior high school students saved the day not long ago at the Golden Fiesta celebration held at Pasadena in California.

Part of the exhibition was to be a bright field of poppies, but Nature was not kind, and as it did not rain there seemed no hope of having this colourful patch. But when the day dawned there were rows and rows of poppies—paper ones, painstakingly fastened on to the flowerless stem of each plant during the night by the young people!

## THE OLD LADY AT THE LIGHTS

We have heard of a very old lady who was taken for a motor drive at Whitsuntide. When the driver pulled up at the traffic lights she wanted to know why he had stopped. He explained that it was to allow pedestrians to cross the road.

"Well, I never," exclaimed the old lady, "whoever heard of such a thing? When I was a girl those on foot had to wait for the carriages."

## A GOOD IDEA FROM GERMANY

An ingenious new horn is being used on German cars.

Its tone is pitched so high that the ear cannot hear it, but it is picked up by a microphone installed in the car and the driver hears it as a pleasant humming noise. Should a van want to pass a car the driver uses his high-frequency horn, the driver of the car ahead showing that he has heard it by putting on his red tail light, and when it is possible for the van to pass he changes the red light to green.

## WREN'S OLD HOME

The old home of Sir Christopher Wren in Windsor, today the Old House Hotel, has given up some of its secrets.

Under 16 layers of wallpaper in the lounge workmen have discovered some old panelling which is thought to have come from Windsor Castle, where Wren carried out many alterations; and in a mysterious cavity a bundle of documents and bills and a Bible of Restoration days have come to light.

## BE PREPARED

Leslie George is prepared for emergencies; we imagine he must be a Scout.

The other Sunday he had been in Lancaster Parish Church only a little while when the organist whispered that he was feeling ill and would be unable to continue playing. Although Leslie is only 15, he slipped quietly on to the organ stool and played during the rest of the service, so that no one realised that the organist had left. It was the first time he had played during a service.

## A NEW IDEA FOR IDLE MEN

A session during which unemployed people speak over the air and state their qualifications for work has been started by a wireless station in Pittsburgh.

This Jobs Wanted programme was started about three months ago, when it lasted half an hour, but it has been such a success that it now lasts an hour. There is no charge to those who make their appeals over the air, the whole scheme being run by voluntary helpers. To prevent any embarrassment no names are mentioned, numbers being given.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL OVER THE AIR

The distances in Australia's Never-Land are so great that it is impossible for the great majority of children there to attend Sunday school. Nevertheless they have a service of their own, by wireless.

At Longreach in Western Queensland lessons are broadcast each Sunday to the children, and the boys and girls send their collection by post, the money being used to cover the expenses of broadcasting their service.

## THE BOTTLES OF THE ONAWAY

The bottles in this picture appear to be commonplace, but they may be related to the herring on your breakfast plate.

The Government's little motor vessel Onaway, working from Amble Harbour, is engaged in research for the herring fishing industry, and is making a study of the drift of tides off the coast of Northumberland. The bottles, weighted with sand, are thrown overboard at various points, and each contains a card with instructions for its return printed



in three languages. Fifty per cent of the bottles thus despatched have been picked up, and the cards have been returned to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries from many parts of Britain and the Continent, yielding much valuable information.

# Routing Mr Don't

WE all know how little chance Mr Don't has against good Mr Do. The parent who says, "Go and see what Willie is doing and tell him he mustn't" has long ago given way before the one who says, "There's Willie scratching the hall paint again; tell him we're going out to sail boats."

In the last few years we have all heard the injunction to give up drinking alcohol and to Drink More Milk! Eat More Fruit!

The litter lout no longer meets a negative command, but is invited to throw his rubbish somewhere else.

Now comes a suggestion for one of the greatest plagues of all, the advertiser on the hoardings.

Would it not be a good idea, says one critic, for manufacturers, instead of marring the landscape with signboards, to take over barren sections of the highway and plant them with trees and shrubs? A modest sign would give them credit, and instead of billstickers he would employ gardeners, instead of ugliness he would create beauty, and instead of receiving the contempt of the public he would receive its gratitude—and perhaps its patronage.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 9

1938

## No More War in a Quarter of the World

OUR great British Commonwealth covers a quarter of the world's land and contains a quarter of the world's people. It is a world in itself with 500,000,000 people, a thing more easily said than grasped.

Let us consider the remarkable fact that the existence of this great community of peoples means the *abolition of the possibility of war in a quarter of the world.*

And how is this British quarter of the world composed? Examination shows that its parts are scattered throughout the earth. It has citizens in every Continent and clime, and includes so great a diversity of races and languages that it is as varied as the entire world.

So we have clear proof that it is a human possibility for enormous numbers of people, belonging to many races, to accept each other in brotherhood, to be friends, to rid their minds of the conception that war may ever occur among them.

Think of them and of their great and fine variations! We are fellow-citizens with men of all colours. We count among our fellow-citizens many Frenchmen and Dutchmen. A gathering of representative British people is a portrait gallery of the world.

And for that matter, even in our own little islands, how many differences we know and how excellent the differences are! We have Englishmen of the North Country and the South Country and the Midlands, with accents and features of delightful variety. We have Welshmen who vary as between north and south Wales. In Scotland we have Highlanders and Lowlanders. The Emerald Isle has its own variations of peculiar charm. How many ancient wars have been fought in our little area, and how absurd today seems the idea of island war!

Let us, then, cherish the conception that universal peace is as possible as the peace we have achieved in the British Empire. Why should we be less friendly with a European than with an African? The brotherhood of man is a fact; let us accept it.

An excellent path to peace it is to speak more of all the good we know in the world and less of its faults. Let us try to understand, for, as a wise Frenchman said: To understand all is to pardon all. There is so much to admire in every land; above all there is for admiration the patient labour of hundreds of millions of people of all lands who bear with us the heat and burden of the day and have no hate in their hearts.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## A Million Good Deeds

CANADA has an excellent idea about the planting of trees.

When Boy Scouts seek permission for camping it is granted on condition that the troop consents to plant as many trees as possible. Scouts in Angus, Ontario, have a very proud record, for they have planted more than a million trees.

Good deeds like these are long enduring, and we can think of none more in keeping with the Scout Code of serving their country.

## Room For the Glory of All

*These words were spoken some years ago by a Japanese Ambassador to the United States.*

THERE have been wars of the Cross and the Crescent, the Red Rose and the White, but the sun and the stars have never quarrelled in their courses.

There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon, and one star differeth from another star in glory, but there is room in the ample gulfs of the sky, there is room in the spacious purposes of history, for the glory of all.

## The Polite Little Girl's Prayer

IN this delightful verse which we have lately seen quoted again, of the bedtime petition of the polite little girl, we think none could find any irreverence.

*Make me, dear Lord, polite and kind  
To everyone, I pray,  
And may I ask you how you find  
Yourself, dear Lord, today?*

## Green Fields and the School

THE report of the LCC Education Committee tells us that children who are taught in playing-fields with class-room accommodation gain in weight as compared with those taught wholly indoors. The average gain is five pounds instead of four.

## The Great Index

It is our pride and our security that we govern ourselves through Parliament, and all good citizens pray that it may ever be so.

But the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, and one of our readers calls our attention to the fact that more and more we are being governed now by Orders, Rules, and Regulations. That is to say, Ministers are more and more inclined to obtain powers to do things through their own departments rather than through Parliament, and it is thought that if this went on too long, or went too far, we might soon have a Dictator here.

The C N is not afraid, but it would like to call attention to the fact that the Index to the Orders, Rules, and Regulations now in force occupies more than a thousand pages.

## The Old Bicycle

CANTERBURY is the home of fine things and good deeds, and we hear from one of our readers there this capital little story.

A constable had noticed a workman trudging out of town in the very early hours, and, asking why he was abroad so soon, learned that the man had been out of work and had recently found something to do at a coal mine, but had to walk as he had no bicycle.

A day or two later the man found an old bicycle waiting for him, a present from members of the Force, asking only that the man should pay for it whenever he could.

## THE BROADCASTER

ABOUT 250 King George Playing Fields have now been approved.

OVER 25,000 people have signed a petition to save pit ponies from the mines.

## JUST AN IDEA

*How true are those words we read the other day, that the fundamental sin in this world is the selfishness that leaves everything to somebody else.*

## Under the Editor's Table

DOGS can be taught to look after children. Like to watch the human race.

THERE are more jobs going, says a writer. We should prefer them to be coming.

SOME people don't believe in mincing words. Have no time for small talk.

SAILING ships are not tied to a time-table. If they were it wouldn't hold them.

NERVOUS disorders can be cured by laughter. Not other people's laughter.

WHY do boys wander over aerodromes? They want to take the air.

POULTRY-FARMERS demand fair play. A run for their money.

AN American has laid out 3½ acres of sky gardens on the roofs of skyscrapers. Everything comes up.

A WRITER says dandelions are not beautiful. He looks down on them.

NETTLES are said to cure rheumatism. Everyone must pick his own cure.

WHEN wrestling a boy should not butt. Or the other boy may find himself on the horns of a dilemma.

Peter Puck  
Wants To Know



If the BBC would  
like a permanent  
wave

## In Manchester

By the Pilgrim

A FRIEND of ours spent a few days in Manchester last week and she has been telling us about it.

"It was the first time I had ever been," she said, "and of course my friends showed me round. It was really very thrilling, especially when I was taken to see the town hall, one of the biggest in the country, I suppose; and the Royal Exchange, which I understand is the biggest meeting-house for traders in the world. There was Chetham's too, and the new public library, and the cathedral, and John Ryland's Library, where I could have spent the whole day."

"And what did you like best of all?" we asked.

She smiled. "Oh, I don't know," she said. "I saw so much. But I will tell you about the sight I shall never forget, though you would never guess what it was."

"One dull afternoon my friends took me down some of the poor streets. We turned into a lane behind a row of wretched little houses, and on a scullery window-sill I saw two jam jars filled with buttercups. They were like golden torches lighting up a dismal place. In days to come the mention of Manchester will always make me think of buttercups."

## Daisy Field

OH, very kind it was of her  
(Whose eyes are blue as heaven)  
To let us walk a little way  
With her, a child of seven.

She chattered gaily as we went  
Across the pastures green;  
She said she thought it wonderful  
God kept His fields so clean.

On tiptoe walked she in the sun  
Until, our eyes to greet,  
A fallen constellation we  
Discovered at our feet.

Before us white and wonderful  
The daisies gleamed so bright,  
Our little maid stood speechless there,  
Amazed at such a sight.

"We must not cross this lovely field,  
We'll walk around instead;  
God would not like us trampling on  
His tablecloth," she said. H. L. G.

## Into Port

In this age the noble soul renders itself unto God and awaits the end of this life with much desire; and to itself it seems that it goes out from the inn to return home to the Father's mansion; to itself it seems to have come to the end of a long journey and to have reached the city; to itself it seems to have crossed the wide sea and to have returned into the port.

Dante

## AEIOU

We are little airy creatures,  
All of different voice and features;  
One of us in glass is set,  
One of us you'll find in jet.  
T'other you may see in tin,  
And the fourth a box within.  
If the fifth you should pursue,  
It can never fly from you.

Jonathan Swift



## THE RED LINE OF SAFETY

### Blood Test For the Man at the Wheel

No longer is the Man at the Wheel merely a lone figure in a tale of the sea.

The Man at the Wheel now sits in his hundreds at every street corner, driving a car, and on the way he handles the wheel the lives of many may depend.

He is responsible for the safety of millions of people. To his skill and ability and quickness we must look if ever we are to reduce the terrible loss of life inflicted every year by the cars he drives on the roads.

The more imperative it is, therefore, that nothing should be allowed to contribute to his disability; and the more needful it is that all his senses should be eager and alert.

*These vital senses are not alert if he has been taking alcohol.*

#### Alcohol in the Blood

According to Mr W. McAdam Eccles, the famous consulting surgeon to St Bartholomew's Hospital, the amount of alcohol the Man at the Wheel has taken can be certainly ascertained. Alcohol taken into the body does not evaporate there, but remains undiminished in quantity till the body has finally got rid of it. It takes up its abode in the blood stream, which carries it to heart and brain and other organs of the body.

Consequently, if the blood is scientifically examined, the amount of alcohol that has got there can be exactly calculated, both in quantity and in the percentage of its presence in the blood.

Mr Eccles told the House of Lords Committee on Road Accidents that if there were one drop of alcohol to 200 drops of blood, the Man at the Wheel would be hopelessly incapable. One part only in 1000 might be safe; any greater quantity was dangerous and one part in 10,000 was the red line of safety.

The business of ascertaining the presence of foreign fluids or substances in the blood is one of extraordinary scientific delicacy. A single drop of blood, such as anyone may take from himself by pricking his finger and drawing it up in a fine tube, is sufficient for an analysis. The analysis may be made partly by chemical tests, more often with the aid of the microscope, or by examining with the spectroscope a beam of light directed through it.

#### A Compulsory Test?

These and other tests will tell the expert nearly all there is to be known of the foreign components of the blood of the man being examined. They may hint at disease or other disability; and will even tell to which of the several known classes of human blood that of the man belongs.

When good people offer their blood for transfusion it has to be examined beforehand to determine whether it is the right class of blood to be administered to the patient in need of it.

In view of the increasing gravity of the Road Problem, and the growing number of drunken and drinking drivers involved in accidents, it is felt that some perfect test of the presence of alcohol in the driver's blood will become necessary. Mr Eccles suggested to the Committee that this might at first be with consent, but added that public opinion may become so strong that the test may need to be made compulsory.

## Spinach for Scouts

Since Popeye the Sailor man began eating spinach to give him energy, children all over the world have been clamouring for more of it.

New York's Boy Scouts, camping in Sullivan County, are going to eat six tons of spinach during their eight weeks under canvas!

## AMERICA AND THE WORLD

### A Quarrel Affecting Hundreds of Millions of People

### BUSINESS MEN AND THE ROOSEVELT CRUSADE

SIGNS of trade depression become more marked.

The railways report less traffic. The Ministry of Labour reports a continued increase in the unemployed, who numbered roundly 1,800,000 when counted in May, or 380,000 more than last year. Our external trade is not so good as in 1937, and the decline in employment has occurred despite the great orders for armaments, which ought to have increased the grand total of our national work.

#### Millions of Unemployed

Fortunately for us there is no such depression of trade as exists in the United States, where the steel works are working only to a quarter of their capacity, and where some 12,000,000 workers are unemployed. There is no need to anticipate here such a gigantic economic trouble as afflicts America, but there is cause to press forward with all speed the carrying-out of the work plans which it is understood the Government has been preparing. We know also that the peak of employment in armaments is not yet reached, and that Government orders for the defence programme will help to maintain trade for some considerable time.

Against that factor, we have to remember that heavy taxation (the heaviest ever levied in peace) is depressing business, and that the defence preparations, and the fears which prompt them, strike at the springs of normal enterprise. Two great wars still in progress are other factors of economic disturbance.

We have referred to bad trade in the United States. This is the main cause of the depression here and elsewhere, and it is one which gives the world the right to make a very special appeal to the American Government.

The origin of the American trouble is an open quarrel between the President and business men. Mr Roosevelt, in endeavouring to raise the standard of labour and social law, has met with violent opposition, and American capital has, in effect, gone on strike, declaring that business conditions are being made impossible.

When American business is upset it means much to the world, because America is such a big user of the chief materials. The American capital strike has caused a great fall in prices, and this has struck at the roots of confidence. Suddenly America has ceased to buy iron, copper, rubber, tin, zinc, and so on. Her imports have fallen enormously. It is as though the chief buyers in a great town suddenly withdrew their orders; the effects would be felt by all the citizens.

#### World-wide Effects

In these circumstances the world looks to America for relief. We cannot influence American economic policy, but we may earnestly appeal to America, whether politicians or business men, to remember that their nation, because of its big dealings in commodities and its great influence on affairs, has a very serious responsibility, not alone to its own 130 million people, but to all the world.

What is needed is to restore business confidence and get America back to normal work again, in a spirit of cooperation between government and trade. The whole world looks to America to put her house in order. It cannot be agreeable to our friends across the Atlantic to know that their domestic politics make her a centre of world-wide loss and depression, affecting the lives and happiness of hundreds of millions of people.

## EMPTY BEDS IN LONDON

### A Great Hospital Scheme

All the London hospitals are now joined by yet another bond of healing.

No fewer than 100 of them within an 11-mile radius of St Paul's are linked in such a way that they may on an emergency take in one another's cases.

One hospital may be full with not a bed to spare. Near to it, or distant, may be another hospital which can offer a bed to a serious case at once. Often before the new scheme came into operation a doctor with such a case on his hands might have to telephone to one hospital after another before he could find one to take his patient in, but now he telephones to a central clearing-house of information which will at once make inquiries for him and tell him where to send the sufferer.

The clearing office does all the telephoning, and it is found that within a quarter of an hour, on the average, a doctor can be told where to go with his case without fail. Presumably ambulances will presently enter into the service.

A great deal of organisation has been necessary to put the scheme in working order, but 8000 London doctors are now in touch with the Central Clearing House, which works night and day in relays.

## HE LOVED FLOWERS

### Why He Stopped in a Race

Yorkshire has lost a wild-flower man, killed with a fellow scientist when a plane crashed in Tanganyika.

He was Mr B. D. Burt, who stood over six feet, was about 35, and was a Yorkshireman and an old boy of Ackworth School. He was botanist to the Tsetse Research Department of the Tanganyika Government, and in connection with this work there he had gathered thousands of flowers. He sent over 30,000 specimens to all parts of the world. His love of flowers and all natural objects grew up with him from his earliest years; and since the news of his death reached Yorkshire those who knew him at Ackworth have been recalling a remarkable race in which he ran.

Every year the school watches the famous Badsworth Run, and one year B. D. Burt, who had longer legs than any other boy, ran in the race. It is now a tradition of the school that he outstripped everyone and would have set up a new record if some flowers had not attracted his attention as he went panting along. He could not resist them. He turned aside to gather them, and then sprinted for the winning post, arriving first.

## TWO MEN AND A HAT

### A Little Gaiety in Parliament

Parliament is a serious business, especially in these days when Parliaments are threatened by Dictators in so many lands, but there is a little good fun in our free-speaking House.

The other day, after a division on some question had been taken, and before the tellers could announce the result, Mr Herbert Morrison was discovered on the Front Opposition Bench with his hat on. By the rules he had to remain "seated and covered" in order to call the attention of the Speaker that something had gone amiss with the division.

#### Too Late to Vote

Some members, on arriving at the division lobby to vote, had turned back when they were told that the division was not to take place. They had heard the bells ring for the division, but supposed there was some mistake. So back they went to their refuges, but hardly had they reached them when they learnt that the mistake was in supposing that there was no division. It was actually going on. Once more they hastened to do their duty and register their vote, only to learn that the division lobby doors were closed.

After Mr Morrison had delivered his complaint he perceived that a fellow member, Mr Petherick, was making signs to him that he wanted his hat. Mr Morrison yielded it to Mr Petherick, who in his turn put it on, and, "seated and covered," told the Speaker that it was all the fault of the policeman, who had assured him that the division bell was not ringing. He and other members went back to the library.

#### The Crowning Joke

Only one thing could be done. The Speaker ordered the division to take place again. What happened then? The crowning joke of all. There were not enough members to vote in one lobby; so there was no division. Mr Herbert Morrison removed his hat and everyone was satisfied that all had been done in due form and order.

*"An Old Parliamentary Hand," who still reads the C N, sends us these notes concerning hats and dress in the House.*

Not many years ago Members of Parliament universally wore frock-coats and silk hats, and very nice they looked in them. Tall or short, all looked well, and the frock-coat, of course, called for a crown in the shape of a silk hat.

Today the frock-coat has almost disappeared from Parliament, lingering only on the forms of a few of the oldest members. The morning coat and the lounge suit or jacket are now supreme. Even Cabinet Ministers may be seen going down to the House in jackets, a sight which would have shocked the Parliament of a generation since.

#### Of Doubtful Origin

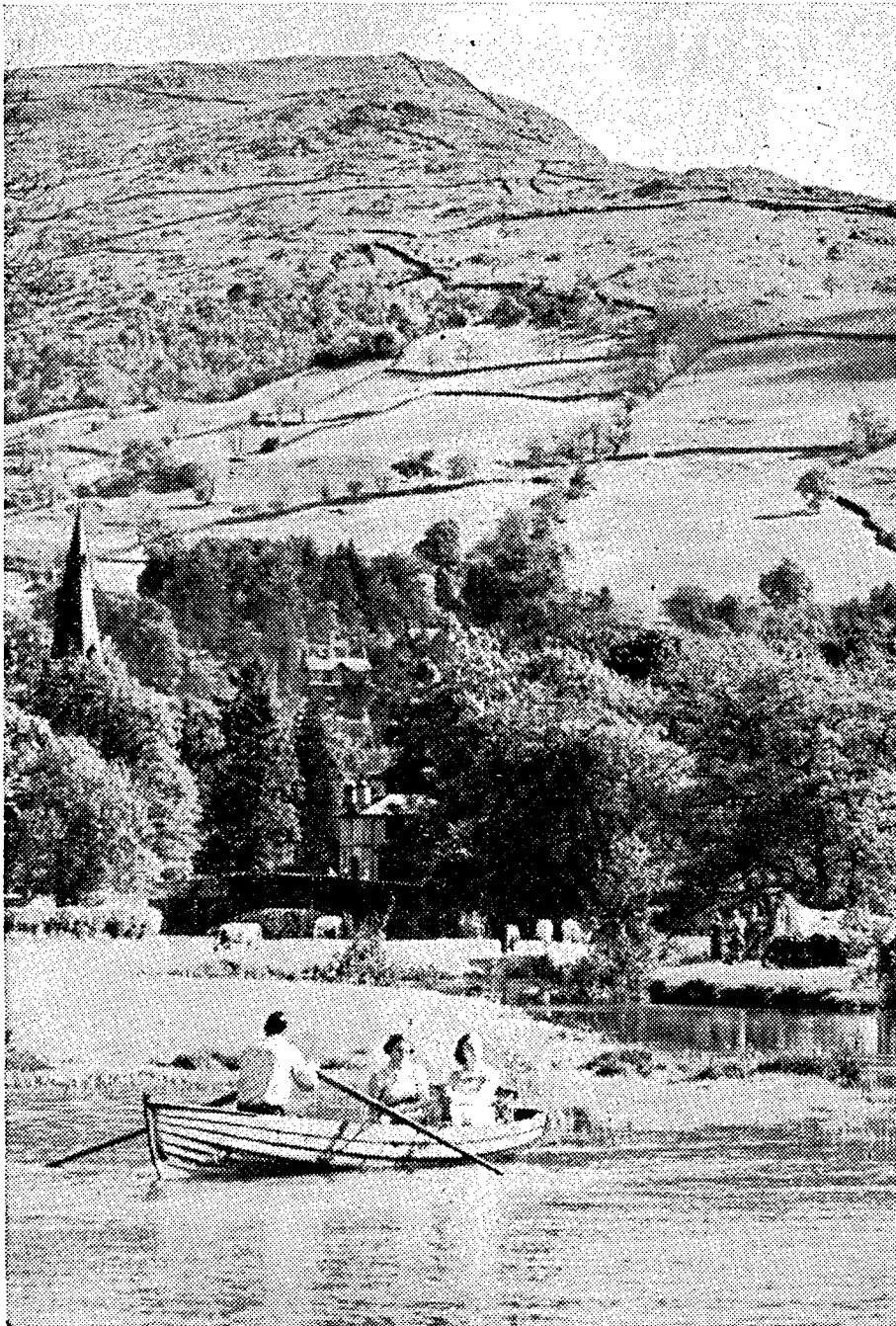
The top-hat has disappeared with the frock-coat, and with it has gone the absurd custom of wearing a hat when sitting on the green benches. In the old days a crowded House of Commons meant row after row of shiny silk hats. If one M.P. referred to another in the course of his speech the honourable member mentioned would raise his hat in salute. Also one was expected to take off one's hat on rising to leave the House.

The origin of these quaint customs it is difficult to discover, but the probability is that wearing hats in the House was simply due to the fact that the hat-pegs were a long distance from the Chamber.

Now the hat has generally gone, and members no longer raise shouts of joy, as they used to do, when an honourable gentleman on finishing his speech sat down on his hat in forgetfulness of the fact that he had put it on the seat when he rose to speak.



## Lakeland and London Town



Boating on the beautiful River Rothay at Ambleside in the heart of the Lake District



Lunch-hour scene in the Victoria Tower Gardens by the Houses of Parliament

## Butterflies Cross the Channel

*Swarms of white and other butterflies migrate from France to England early in July, being blown across the Channel by the winds.*

WHAT could be more fragile than a butterfly, which a 'gentle' wind diverts from its course, which a shower banishes to shelter?

It is, in human speech, the very symbol of airy, fairy aimlessness, yet actually it is one of the makers of the loveliness of our incomparable land, one of the unconsidered husbandmen who have given us beauty of flowers and fertility of crops. There is a Providence which shapes the path of the butterflies to England.

Our land has seen many changes. A score of times it has been under the sea. On several occasions ice has covered it; titanic glaciers, moving slow as Time, and as relentlessly, have scourged all life from its face and lowered the brows of our once lofty mountains. At the close of each such epoch we have been left barren of living things, an empty waste, calling for a population. The call has never gone unanswered. Animals and insects, birds and reptiles, came before Man could or dared.

### Wizardry By Insects

No visitors were more important than the insects. The herbivores may have helped to tread grassland solid and to prepare our pastures, and the flesh-eaters must have prevented the herb-eaters from multiplying so excessively as to denude the land; but the insects fertilised clovers for the cattle tribes, they carried pollen to flowers waiting to set their seed; they worked the wizardry that enabled trees to convert their blossoms into fruit. We should have been a flowerless, fruitless, scentless land had not insects come here in advance of Man to make ready a paradise for him.

Many insects arrived while England was still part of the western coastline of Europe, but the yearly flight hither of butterflies tells us how the winged ones came. They can overleap a sea, they can pass from continent to continent. In two flights, perhaps only one, they can pass from Africa into Southern Europe and so on into England, traverse our whole land and reach Scotland.

Are we to think that butterflies deliberately launch themselves upon these terrific adventures, that they have some sense of route and place similar to that by virtue of which our birds come and go? We cannot believe such a theory possible. Those that come to us seem to be the Cabals of their order, and we all remember the surprising and bewildering experience of Cabral.

### The Search For Pastures New

Four and a quarter centuries ago Pedro Alvarez Cabral, the Portuguese explorer, set out with 13 little ships from Lisbon to sail far East and reach India. He steered too wide a course in coasting down the African shore, was caught in the South American current of the Atlantic, and reached, not India in the East but Brazil in the West. Seven of his ships were lost on the return voyage. Not knowing that, three months earlier, Pinzon had preceded him, he thought he was the first man to reach Brazil, and claimed the land for Portugal.

Now we must imagine that Cabral exist among the Painted Ladies, the Red Admirals, the Peacocks, the Clouded Yellows, and so forth. They rise some day in northern Africa for a short move to fresh woods and pastures new, to seek additional fountains of nectar from untapped blooms; and the next thing they know is that an 'unseen force, a northward travelling wind, has them in its power, and lo, in a trice, the wide, blue Mediterranean is beneath them!

Some sink to destruction, but hosts get over. Either native impulse or the still hurrying wind carries them on. They advance through the south of Europe. Some may come straight on and over the North Sea to us. Some may lay their eggs in France, to produce

caterpillars which in due course will become butterflies to continue the journey onward. But it is clear that some of our summer visitors among the butterflies do come from Africa, while, of course, the majority of them are either French born or natives of other sunny parts of the Continent.

### Nature's Distribution

Some do not wait for summer's high tide. These arrive in early May, lay their eggs here and give us glowing harvests of our own of species not generally numerous with us; but the bulk come later when their home nurseries or pastures are over-crowded with their kind. Even when that crisis arises the butterflies do not think to themselves, "Our heritage is disputed among too many; we will up and out and win a new land." No such mental process is possible in the brain of a butterfly.

The process is much more like that by which forests advance. Any species of tree, given favourable soil and climate, will march on and on in the unconscious endeavour to master a continent. The limbs by which it progresses are its fruits from which new trees develop. Each goes farther than the preceding generation, because Nature insists that there shall be this progressive distribution in order to avoid overcrowding the parent and offspring upon too limited an area.

The butterflies find themselves competing too intensely for food, or become instinctively aware that their breeding ground is overstocked and that they must move afield to find fresh supplies of plants on which their larvae may be hatched and feed to maturity. So they take wing for a short flight and the wind takes them for a long one.

### The End of Life

No butterflies go back by the way they came to the place from which they started. They come here and die, first enriching us, it may be, with broods like themselves. But the autumn has no returning current of butterflies to colour the streams of birds that take their southward way. It is a lemming march for the insects, not a return to winter quarters in the sun, a summer flight that ends with the mists and growing coolness of autumn in death.

Not all die, of course; some hibernate. They emerge in early spring with wings a little frayed and their exquisite nap a patchwork of bald ruin, but still strong with life and purpose, still virile with the force which took its rise in a caterpillar that fed in Africa, reinforced by draughts of nectar quaffed by the perfect insect itself in the sunny lands of France before the second peril was hazarded and the concluding flight to Britain begun.

The numbers that visit us vary from year to year. Sometimes the total is small; sometimes we have such boundless swarms from overseas that insect lovers mark the date in their records as proudly as the astronomer red-letters the coming of a comet.

### Watchers of Three Nests

Day and night for two months relays of men have been watching three birds' nests in the heart of one of the wildest and loneliest districts of our countryside.

They have now finished their task until spring, and have witnessed satisfactory results, the birth of three small families of kites. One other nest provided a tragedy because the parents deserted the brood.

Though the total addition to this feathered tribe will probably be only four, it has been welcomed by nature-lovers in all parts of the United Kingdom, for it is one more effort to save the race of kites from extinction in Britain.

The only part of the country in which kites remain is Wales, and the most hopeful estimates that have been made can only place their total number at less than a score.



# THREE OLD TREES AND THREE OLD FRIENDS

## Romantic Story of a Palace of Art

THE lovely village Art Gallery at Dulwich only a few miles from Charing Cross has been in the news once more.

A new addition to the Gallery has been completed and there has been some interesting discussion about the old trees growing round about it.

Hundreds of people go every year to see the old Judas tree in the garden of the chaplain of the College, its leafless boughs clad in an arabesque of gorgeous pink blossom; but they do not know that in the old garden are two more such trees, striplings of 15 years, veritable bouquets in blossoming time. They were the gift of Sir Evan Spicer, as were the two flourishing young cork trees in the borders, raised by Sir Evan on his farm farther down the College road, the last farm in London. On Sir Evan's death a few months ago the farm was offered for sale, but still remains in being.

### Gigantic Bean-Pods

In addition to the Judas tree one of the most famous catalpa trees in England covers the lawn of the College chaplain's garden. After more than two centuries of growth it seemed a few years ago about to fail, so a tree-doctor from Kew was called in. He dug down to the roots and applied fertiliser, and now, after flowering in July, it forms bean-pods over a foot long.

The old tree's future seems assured by a very singular piece of irrigation. There was the possibility that building operations at the Gallery last century may have drained away an underground spring from which the old tree derived moisture. Another addition has now been made to the Gallery, as we heard when members of the Royal Academy went down to open it the other day, and it has been arranged that by an ingenious fan-shaped system of controlled underground piping the water from the roof of the new salon shall be led all round the roots of the catalpa, so assuring the veteran the moisture its health and vigour demand.

There is also in the old walled garden of the Gallery another fine old tree, a deciduous cypress, towering 100 feet high and seen by thousands every week. It has been growing here for at least a century.

### A Little Gem in a Lane

It is interesting to remember that these natural glories cluster round one of our rarest little treasure houses, a proud place in a country lane.

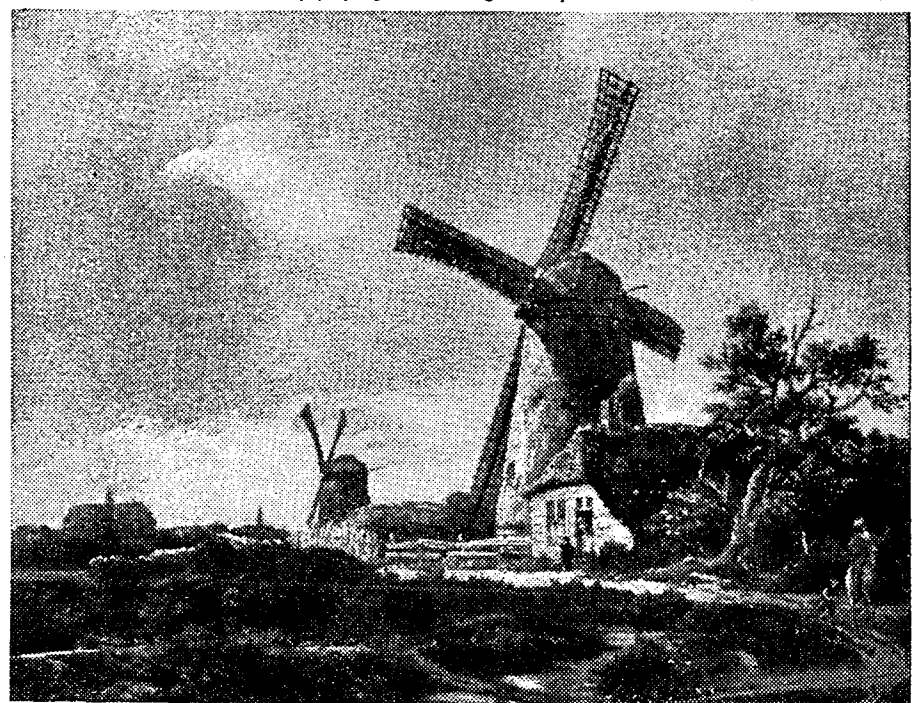
London has many dazzling palaces of art and science, noble buildings overflowing with treasure beyond price, but who would imagine that the parent of all her public galleries is a little gem set in a lane?

War, the poverty of a Government, and the great love of three people conspired to establish this wonderful collection where it has been for over a century. It is a treasury of immortal art and its givers sleep among its treasures.

The three benefactors were Noel Joseph Desenfans, his wife Margaret Desenfans, Sir Peter Francis Bourgeois, RA, the old friend of them both.



A lady playing on the virginals, by Gerard Dou



A landscape with windmills, by Jacob van Ruysdael

### TWO FAMOUS PAINTINGS IN DULWICH ART GALLERY

They sleep in peace among the pictures to whose collection they devoted a great part of their lives, and few who pass the gallery know that they are there, or dream of the stirring history in which they had a share.

Noel Desenfans was a Frenchman, born in 1745 at Douai, educated in Paris, and driven by poverty to London as a teacher of languages. He had a love of art, he had fine theories of education, and he wrote well on both subjects. Finding among his pupils a lady who shared his ideals and loved him, he married her. She was Margaret Morris, the sister of a Glamorganshire knight, and she had what was in those days a fortune, £5000.

Marriage brought Desenfans happiness and changed his destiny. On the wedding tour he bought a picture by Claude Lorraine, and resolved to devote himself to buying and selling works of art.

At this time Poland had her last king on its throne—Stanislaus, who

longed to create a collection of pictures which should be an example and inspiration to the painters of Poland. Desenfans and Stanislaus were brought into touch, and the king gave him a commission to seek out fine works by the great masters and buy them as the foundation of a National Gallery at Warsaw.

The French Revolution was approaching. The old nobility of France was in danger. They had to sell their pictures, and Desenfans was a ready purchaser. But before he could get his pictures to the king Warsaw lost its king. Poland was brutally torn to pieces by Prussia. Desenfans was left with his pictures on his hands. He tried to sell them in London, but in vain.

Now we must introduce Francis Bourgeois. He was a Swiss, though his father, a watchmaker, came to London before he was born, and successfully plied his trade here. Francis was to be a soldier, but he became an artist instead, travelled throughout Europe,

exhibited with success, was elected to the Royal Academy, and in 1791, when Desenfans was collecting for Stanislaus, Bourgeois was appointed painter to the Polish king. He and Desenfans became fast friends, lovers of the same art, and united by a common affection for poor Poland and its hapless ruler. Returning to England on the fall of Stanislaus, Bourgeois shared the home of Desenfans, and never left it.

They were a united and happy household. They entertained brilliantly; there were the pictures gathered by Desenfans, the pictures painted by Bourgeois and those he bought, and there was a desire by all three to do for England what Stanislaus had desired them to do for Poland.

### Origin of a Gallery

Stanislaus died in 1799, and in the following year Desenfans published a plan for the creation of a National Gallery for London, promising to contribute liberally in both pictures and money; but with the world at war the matter could not receive the attention it deserved. It was not till 1824, ten years after the opening of Dulwich Gallery, that the National Gallery came into being.

Nothing came during the lifetime of Desenfans of all his projects, and so, with death advancing upon him, he made a remarkable will. He desired that Bourgeois and Mrs Desenfans should continue to share the old home after his death, that the pictures should be kept together, and that his body should be enclosed in a leaden coffin and sheltered in a vault prepared in or near the house where he had lived so long. Desenfans lived till 1807, and then his will was carried out in every particular. Happily there existed at Dulwich the famous College of God's Gift, founded two centuries before by Edward Alleyn, the friend of Shakespeare, actor, and keeper of the King's wild animals. The thoughts of Bourgeois were led to this fine old place, and the end of it was that in his will he decreed that after the death of Margaret Desenfans the entire collection should go to form an art gallery at Dulwich. He left money for the extension of the building, and for its maintenance and the salaries of its officers. He died in 1811 at 55.

### The Last Resting Place

There remained now only Margaret Desenfans. She added to the Dulwich benefactions, giving money, furniture, linen, and plate so that the members of the Royal Academy might go down each year and dine at the Gallery, see to the condition of the pictures, and remember their donors. She stipulated that a mausoleum should be erected as part of the gallery, and that in it she, her husband, and their friend should lie for ever. She herself died in 1814, just before the work was finished. In 1815, three months before Waterloo, the bodies of the three friends were transferred to the little temple which now forms part of the gallery where their pictures are housed.

No gallery in the world has a more romantic history. No gallery of its size and character attracts more attention or inspires greater admiration



## CURIOUS CORNWALL

### Surprise Down Farthest South

One of the most fascinating of all the books in the Editor's King's England series is the Cornwall volume, published at 7s 6d by Hodder and Stoughton.

In it we read of 250 villages and towns and see 173 pictures. A panorama of England's Farthest South, it is a thrilling account of all we may see, and a story-book of the romantic past.

Among its thousands of facts about Cornwall the book gives much curious information, and there is hardly a page without its surprise. How odd it is at Mylor to come upon the epitaph of Joseph Grapp, who died in 1770:

*His foot, it slip and he did fall.*

*Help, help, he cried, and that was all.*

Who would think there could be in all England a church into which the only entrance was at one time through the roof? But Cornwall has at St Enodoc a little church which is still nestling in the dunes, the sand for many years piling up so high that to keep the tithes the parson and his clerk went to service through the roof.

#### A Churchyard by the Sea

We come to St Just-in-Roseland, and here, in the wonderful churchyard by the sea, visited by 80,000 people every year, are 146 kinds of polyanthus in company with bamboos and palms, myrtles, hydrangeas, and plants from 25 countries. Nor is this the only surprise here, for on December 27 a funeral sermon is preached in the church in memory of Thomas Carlyon who died in 1733, and if Thomas has his wish another 800 sermons will be preached for him, for it was his strange whim to have his name kept in mind for a thousand years.

We pause a moment at Sennen, Land's End's next-door neighbour, to think of the 87 men who went to fight in the war. Nineteen of them bore one name. At Towednack we look in the old church to see the bench-ends with portraits of churchwardens in the broad-brimmed hats they wore in the 17th century.

#### A Family Portrait Gallery

Launceston has many rarities. There is the curious document printed on paper made from the web of the Sacred Spider of Hong Kong. There are crumbs of bread made for Napoleon's prisoners in Dartmoor. There are the huge volumes in which wonderful Mr Wise preserved 1650 grasses and flowers gathered in Cornwall and Devon.

At Colan we may see a brass, only about a foot square, on which an exceptionally clever craftsman has engraved 24 portraits showing Francis Bluet with his wife and their 22 children; and at Phillack we marvel to find that the Hockins have been rectors in three centuries. William Hockin was preaching there before Napoleon was born. After him came another William who preached 44 years, Frederick who preached 49 years, and Arthur who preached 20 years, the four covering in all 160 years.

H. L. G.

### Burning The Weeds

Weed killing is a costly matter to the nurseryman, and a new plan has been tried of using a blow-lamp for the purpose.

It is said that by this method two weedings by hand are saved. One nurseryman says that burning saves him £200 a year in his 40-acre nursery; but the method only serves against annual weeds. Deep-rooted perennials require other means.

The Government of the Argentine has forbidden any hunting of wild cats for three years.

## FREEDOM LIMITED

### The Flag and Human Bondage

### CHILD LABOUR IN AFRICA

In the British Commonwealth of free peoples on which the sun never sets the Sun lights on some odd contradictions to the idea of liberty.

In India there are millions of Untouchables who live in the bondage of degradation, outside the pale of decent treatment by their fellows, and little better than outcasts.

In the West Indies, and more especially in the sugar plantations of Jamaica, are thousands of Negroes who are British subjects entitled to be free, but are still slaves of their labour and their poverty.

In mid Africa there are other Natives growing up, to work like the Jamaicans on the white man's farms, but among whom a system suspiciously like the thin edge of the wedge of slavery is permitted.

To take the Kenya colony of Africa first, something ought to be done and done quickly about the system of recruiting Native children for certain kinds of labour. Children ten years old may be recruited for work on the farms—and the reserves. Ten years old is not so unmerciful an age for work as the five years at which a hundred years ago children were drafted into the "dark satanic mills" of Lancashire, and we do not imagine the circumstances are so horrible; but they have some resemblance in the conditions. The children may not be recruited without the consent of their parents and the district officer, and must be given a clean bill of health by the doctor.

#### An Iniquitous Law

We seem to remember that the poor mites of five who dragged out a life of misery in the cotton mills were sent there by parents who wanted their wages. Public opinion in England put a stop to that after a fierce struggle with the money spinners. A child of ten in Africa ought to have as much consideration as a child in England. Why should he be sentenced to compulsory labour, with a fine or imprisonment hanging over his parents if he runs away?

It is useless to say that the Native child is not harmed by the work, is well treated, and likes the pay. The whole question of child labour in Africa needs examination, and Great Britain should be the first (not the last) to look into it. It is iniquitous that Native children

should be threatened with penalties for breaking a contract which they had no hand in making. Even granting that it is better for them to do useful work than drift into idleness they should be free labourers.

In Jamaica the labourer is under no compulsion to work. If he does not work he is free to starve; but it is clear that he is far from free to make use of the British workman's right to strike.

No one believes that he has any right to riot, but it is a matter of record that the rioter is always wrong. The Tolpuddle martyrs in England were wrong, and so was the demonstrating mob at Manchester into which the cavalry charged. But history has reversed those verdicts, and if the Jamaica rioters were wrong the conditions under which they live and the pay they receive must be held to be more wrong.

#### The Untouchables

Lastly we come to the Untouchables of India. In their case there is a gleam of light, broadening every day, in their treatment. More than one Native State has taken steps to improve their lot and raise their status, and the campaign against Untouchability is still going on. The latest example of their emancipation comes from Bombay, where the Premier declared that his Government was considering the cancellation of the licences of all hotels in the Province which refused to admit the Untouchables.

We hardly think this measure will prove necessary, for the unfortunate people are every day growing stronger and better able to insist on their rights as human beings.

Still another bit of good news comes from the Far East, where in Hong Kong and British Malaya the deplorable system of Mui Tsai, an ancient Chinese institution by which girls and women could be sold into domestic slavery, has received what may be its death blow.

The slavery was hidden under the cloak of describing the girls as "adopted" members of the family. In future every one in charge of any adopted girl must register her with an official guardian. For ten years the C N has protested against the system; now it seems to us that liberty is often too long in coming.

## THE PENNINE WAY

### A Walk Along the Backbone of England

OUR rambling clubs have already been getting busy in the task of securing an uninterrupted walk along the backbone of England from the Peak in Derbyshire to the Cheviots, on the borders of Scotland.

The Pennine Way idea has caught the imagination of the youth of our northern counties who love to surmount the difficulties of the great chain.

Mr Tom Stevenson of London, one of the founders of the Pennine Pass Preservation Society, was lately reporting progress to Lancashire folk at Downham under the shadow of Pendle Hill, a height in the chain from which the Isle of Man can be viewed. Existing paths have been traced, he said, while endeavours are being made to find old paths and to survey the best routes for new paths. The line of march, he added, would include some of the most inspiring moorland country in our island, linking places of outstanding beauty and of historic and romantic interest.

About three-quarters of the route is across country which is already free for walkers, and it is hoped that those who own the remainder will grant ramblers the rights they ask. They have little to

fear, for discipline is always a marked feature of the modern rambling club, with the leader who must not be passed and the rearguard who must see that every gate is closed.

Even in the great companies who join the weekly rambling parties organised by the railway companies in London we find this ready consent to obey the few simple rules which mean so much to the farmer. On the Pennines obedience to the rules must be stricter for there are real dangers to confront the careless or the selfish.

We must all hope that this great Way will soon become a reality and that our rambling clubs will plan routes to it from many points, so that the backbone can be reached along the ribs, as it were. In Westphalia the German ramblers have planned a series of fifty splendid routes on the Sauerland range of mountains, marking them inconspicuously but clearly on trees, stones, and gateposts, so that even strangers can find their way with ease. Perhaps we may hope, in passing, that our routes will not be marked on trees, for the C N has always objected to spoiling trees by treating them as guide-posts.

## 14 MILLION PROBLEMS

### The Germans Abroad

Now that Germany and Austria are united there still remain outside the borders of the Reich a very large number of Germans, living under many flags. The chief of these are:

Czecho-Slovakia .. .. .	3,500,000
Switzerland .. .. .	3,000,000
France .. .. .	1,700,000
Poland .. .. .	1,200,000
Russia .. .. .	1,100,000
Rumania .. .. .	800,000
Yugo-Slavia .. .. .	700,000
Hungary .. .. .	600,000
Danzig Free State .. .. .	400,000
Rest of Europe .. .. .	1,300,000
Total .. .. .	14,300,000

According to these figures, which are German estimates, there are thus 14,300,000 Germans in Europe outside Germany, and, as somebody has said, every German outside Germany has become a problem. If we add the 73,200,000 of Germany and Austria, we get a total of 87,500,000.

Outside Europe there are many million Germans, living mainly in America; the number of these is uncertain, but has been put as high as 18,000,000.

#### Six Points to Remember

To return to the Germans in Europe, several things have to be noted:

1. Germany has pledged herself to make no attempt to reopen the question of Alsace-Lorraine; she recognises the 1,700,000 Germans of France as definitely parted from her.

2. Germany has pledged herself not to make any claim upon the 270,000 Germans of the Tyrol, now under Italian rule.

3. Germany recognises the independence of Switzerland, within which the 3,000,000 Germans possess self-government.

4. As to Czecho-Slovakia, it is understood that Germany would be satisfied with the creation of a German and other autonomies within the political boundaries of the existing State.

5. As to Danzig, Germany has never consented to its separation from her by the Treaty of Versailles.

6. A very serious problem is that of the many Germans who live in what is called the Polish Corridor, the lane of Polish territory struck through Germany by the Treaty of Versailles, dividing Germany into two parts. The problem is how to give Poland access to the sea by any other means.

## 25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of July 1913

**A Queen's Magic.** Queen Mary sat down in her private room at Buckingham Palace the other day, touched a button, and opened the doors of a hospital for children 3500 miles away. That is precisely the mission the Queen would choose for the exercise of magic, for she loves children.

But it was not really magic, though it was something as wonderful. Only children know what magic really is. It was electricity that kind Queen Mary used, and not even children know what electricity is, though we all know how to use it.

When the Queen pressed the button it caused an electric current to flow over a wire from Buckingham Palace to the seashore, and from the shore through a submarine cable under the Atlantic Ocean away to Canada, then through another wire to the new hospital at Weston, in Ontario.

The current of electricity caused the doors of the hospital to open, and the moment they did so a second current was flashed back to Buckingham Palace to say that the work was done. The two currents travelled over 7000 miles in less than 20 seconds.



July 9, 1938

The Children's Newspaper

11

## HOME OF CIVIL WAR DAYS Two Dramatic Scenes

In the heart of the Garden of England, not far from Maidstone, is a modern building with 160 acres of ground, the East Malling Research Station.

The subject of its research is fruit, and every grower, distributor, and consumer of fruit in the kingdom has in some measure benefited from the experiments made here.

With its work growing in scope and importance, and with an ever-increasing number of students from this country and overseas coming here to learn, this scientific station is looking round for more room and pastures new; and it has happened, by the happiest of chances, that almost next door to the East Malling station is a great house called Bradbourne, ideal for the purpose.

Bradbourne, with its 200 acres, was the home of the Twysden family for nearly three centuries. It is a Queen Anne house of extreme beauty, and a scheme has been worked out in careful detail which would combine its use for scientific work with the preservation of its beauty for future generations.

### A Mutual Heritage

The house of Bradbourne and the village of East Malling have long been linked, and in the church sleep two Bradbourne men who figured in two of the most dramatic scenes of our history. One was Matthew Thomlinson, who was entrusted with the custody of Charles Stuart after his arrival at Windsor, and walked by the king's side from St James's Palace to Whitehall on that snowy morning of the execution. The other man was his royalist brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Twysden, one of the judges who tried the judges of the king, and was doubtless responsible for saving Thomlinson's life when it hung by a thread because of his part in those unhappy far-off days.

Those are the kind of memories that Bradbourne and East Malling share, a mutual heritage in our rough island story. The appeal for funds to save Bradbourne for East Malling is made to all who have a proper regard for science, and to all who love beauty mellowed by time. It is made also to those who grow fruit and those who distribute it; to those who sell fruit and those who eat it, and to those who unceasingly beseech us to Eat More Fruit. In fact, the appeal is intended for all of us; and the C N may be permitted to express the hope that the appeal for such a worthy cause will bear good fruit.

### Banishment For Housemaid's Knee

An American woman writer on our domestic ways tells how in England she vainly tried, with tears in her eyes, to prevent her maid from going down on her knees to clean the floor.

Vainly she presented her with long-handled appliances, and she adds that she thinks it a degradation to see endless lines of charwomen kneeling in private houses and hotels to scrub cold floors.

Housemaid's knee is a very real and very serious disease, and it is a consequence of not using good long handles.

On the Continent you will see a maid using a dustpan and brush each provided with a long handle, so that the maid can stand up to her work and be comfortable.

Let our manufacturers note this. Let them sell long handles and banish housemaid's knee. Handles are cheap; why not use them?

The same thing is true of shovels; the long handle is common abroad but not in England.

## The Rats of Jamaica



This is the Isle of Jamaica.



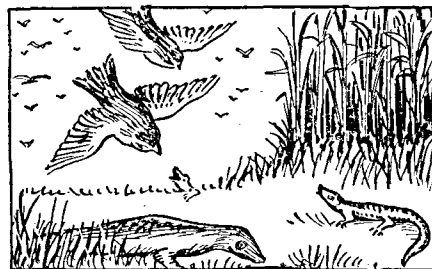
These are the insects, little and great, Some that flew early and some that flew late, That spoilt the canes that grew in the fields That are found in the Isle of Jamaica.



These are the rats that did congregate To ravage like insects the sugar estate, Not caring at all, it is sad to relate, For the birds and the lizards, all sedate, That preyed on the insects, little and great, Some that flew early and some that flew late, That spoilt the canes that grew in the fields That are found in the Isle of Jamaica.



This is the family that grew so great, Of the little mongoose and his little grey mate, Brought over from India to frustrate The pranks of the rats that did congregate To ravage like insects the sugar estate, Not caring at all, it is sad to relate, For the birds and the lizards, all sedate, That preyed on the insects, little and great, Some that flew early and some that flew late, That spoilt the canes that grew in the fields That are found in the Isle of Jamaica.



And these are the insects, early and late, That multiplied at a terrible rate, Almost destroying the whole estate, When the birds and the lizards, all sedate, Were killed and devoured by the family great Of the little mongoose and his little grey mate, Brought over from India to frustrate The pranks of the rats that did congregate To ravage like insects the sugar estate, Not caring at all, it is sad to relate, For the birds and the lizards, all sedate, That preyed on the insects, little and great, Some that flew early and some that flew late, That spoilt the canes that grew in the fields That are found in the Isle of Jamaica.



These are the fields that are Found in the Isle of Jamaica.

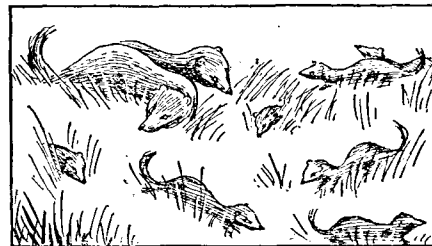
These are the canes That grow in the fields That are found in the Isle of Jamaica.



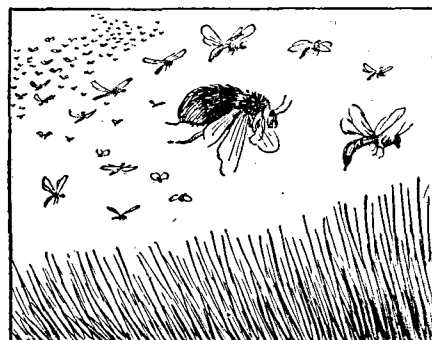
These are the birds and lizards sedate That preyed on the insects, little and great, Some that flew early and some that flew late, That spoilt the canes that grew in the fields That are found in the Isle of Jamaica.



This is the mongoose and his mate, Brought over from India to frustrate The pranks of the rats that did congregate To ravage like insects the sugar estate, Not caring at all, it is sad to relate, For the birds and the lizards, all sedate, That preyed on the insects, little and great, Some that flew early and some that flew late, That spoilt the canes that grew in the fields That are found in the Isle of Jamaica.



And these are the birds and lizards sedate That were also killed by the family great Of the little mongoose and his little grey mate, Brought over from India to frustrate The pranks of the rats that did congregate To ravage like insects the sugar estate, Not caring at all, it is sad to relate, For the birds and the lizards, all sedate, That preyed on the insects, little and great, Some that flew early and some that flew late, That spoilt the canes that grew in the fields That were found in the Isle of Jamaica.



And this is India, where grows the date, To which the mongoose had again to migrate, Thereby helping to extricate The lizards and birds from their grievous fate, And enable them still to subjugate The myriads of insects, early and late, That multiplied at a terrible rate, Almost destroying the whole estate, When the birds and the lizards, all sedate, Were killed and eaten by the family great Of the little mongoose and his little grey mate, Brought over from India to frustrate The pranks of the rats that did congregate To ravage like insects the sugar estate, Not caring at all, it is sad to relate, For the birds and the lizards, all sedate, That preyed on the insects, little and great, Some that flew early and some that flew late, That spoilt the canes that grew in the fields That are found in the Isle of Jamaica.

## ALMOST INCREDIBLE The Telephone Directory in a Waistcoat Pocket MORE WONDERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY

It is not easy to imagine the whole contents of the London Telephone Directory printed on a sheet the size of the page of an average novel, but such can be done with a new photographic process which has just been invented, and gives a perfectly grainless image.

Every big country today is considering the preservation of its archives by means of micro-photographs, tiny pictures taken page by page through a special camera which copies them on a film in images the size of a postage stamp. The little pictures are put into a reading machine, which projects them full size again on to a screen.

Micro-photographic documentation, as it is called, is quite well established today, and full pages of ordinary books and documents are being photographed on single frames of a kinematograph film.

But a greatly improved means of photography, which was recently shown to a C N correspondent, makes it possible to make copies ten times smaller than anything that has been so far accomplished. Three thousand pages of a book like the telephone directory, which is already in quite small print, can be photographed in the space of a couple of postcards; yet each page when projected can be quite distinctly read from the tiny images. The whole library of the British Museum could be copied on films which could be packed in an ordinary suitcase.

### A Substitute For Celluloid

There is only one drawback to this new type of photographic copying, and that is that the films do not last for ever. The gun cotton of which celluloid is made becomes yellow and powdery after years of storage, and so the problem of re-copying the tiny records from time to time has to be faced. But, although this can be done, several big research organisations are engaged in trying to find a perfect substitute for celluloid which age will not affect. Nonflammable film has been improved almost beyond recognition during the past four years, and it looks very much as if before many years have passed it will be universally used in place of the highly inflammable celluloid.

In such departments as those dealing with agriculture and forestry there are many thousands of sketches and water-colour paintings of botanical subjects, diseases of plants, trees, and fruits, and these are now being copied through the microscope by means of the new methods of natural colour photography. Some attention is even being paid to making talking records of documents, so that in centuries to come books can be re-spoken in the actual language and inflections used at the time of writing. The world of a thousand years hence will be wonderful beyond imagining.

### A Copy of the Mayflower

After over 300 years the Mayflower is in the news again.

An American historical society is to build a model of the famous ship and moor it at the very spot in Plymouth Harbour, Massachusetts, where the old Mayflower dropped anchor in 1620. A model in the Pilgrim Museum is to be copied, and the floating ship is to be an exact copy of the original. She will be 90 feet long, with a beam of 26 feet. Her tonnage will be 180. Pilgrims of the 20th century will be able to go on board to inspect her.

An engine of the Castle class is to be named Isambard Kingdom Brunel after the famous man who was the G W R's first engineer.



## CRYING NEED OF THE COUNTRY

### Electricity in Rural Districts

It is little wonder that farmers are complaining of the slow progress of rural electrification.

Electricity is still a word of mockery in a great part of our land, despite the Grid System which is supposed to distribute cheap current far and wide. The majority of farmhouses are still without electricity, and when electricity is available at all it is much too costly.

It is monstrous that our farmers should suffer such disabilities when German farmers can readily avail themselves of current.

Our island is a very little one, and it is amply provided with coalfields. By this time cheap current should be available everywhere within our tiny area.

We have before us the charges made in a part of the Kentish Weald. The rates are per unit: lighting 7d, heating and cooking 2d, domestic water heating 3d. At such prices electricity is useless to a rural community.

And even while rural electricity lingers we see it reported that the great electrical engineering firms are not too full of orders. These firms are among our finest and most necessary producers; they ought to be full up with work.

### Oranges in England?

In a few years visitors to South Cornwall may see the hillsides covered with orange trees.

Experiments are soon to be carried out there to discover if it is possible to cultivate this citrus fruit on a big scale, for it has already been found that orange trees grow very well on some of the sheltered slopes near Falmouth. Even in the depth of winter sharp frosts and snow are almost unknown in this part of our homeland.

## The Old Tales About a Yorkshire Lake

AMONG the Yorkshire Pennines lies Lake Semmerwater, about which strange tales have been told for centuries past.

Folk have long said that the remains of a buried village were to be seen in the clear water, and more than one story of how it came to be there has been told even in our own day.

The old tales have hardly been believed by people who thought they knew better than the simple countrymen living on the bleak hills round about, but now comes confirmation of part of the legend, for a party of schoolboys have discovered indications of an ancient lake-dwelling.

The boys are from Saltaire Road Senior at Shipley, near Bradford, and a trip to Semmerwater was a rare adventure for them. They went in charge of Mr R. M. Chapman.

A six-foot causeway was one of their finds, the flat stones leading into the lake; but the biggest discovery of all

was a magnificent bronze spearhead brought from darkness to light by Frank Ulph. He had unearthed a number of bones when he kicked over a stone and came upon the spear lying in the clay. He picked it up, and must have felt a wonderful thrill as he did so, for he held in his hands a priceless possession.

The spearhead, remarkably well preserved, is similar to one from Wiltshire now in the British Museum, but the Yorkshire relic is a finer specimen, for the one in the museum has only two-thirds of the blade, while this one is complete. Nearly a foot long and almost two inches wide at the widest part, it has two metal loops to enable the owner to bind it to a shaft. There are also five rings near the base of the socket.

These finds are believed to show that there really was a prehistoric lake-dwelling at Semmerwater, and the legend about a village being destroyed by a flood may be an echo of an event of thousands of years ago.

## Brer Wolf and Brer Rabbit

AUSTRALIA, blaming us for sending her the rabbit, must smile when she reads the letters appearing this summer in some of our newspapers declaring with great earnestness that the rabbit has now become the chief menace to crops in England and Wales.

The owner of one great estate calls on the Government to pass laws enforcing the destruction of these ruinous pests. By care and diligence he can keep down the number on his own acres, he says, but if landowners or tenant farmers about him fail to do the same by their rabbits he receives the overflow from their starved fields and pastures, so that his labour is in vain.

Except for a law seldom or never put into force, making it an offence to harbour mice and rats, England has not

for centuries required such legislation. We live in an island, proof against waves of migration such as trouble continental countries, and as a rule we can deal with our animal troubles.

Wolves were the enemies that caused old Parliaments to pass laws of the kind now sought. Not only were men compelled by law to slay wolves, but our kings from Saxon times down to the Tudor dynasty granted lands for which the rent was the heads and hides of so many wolves a year. The kings of Wales had to pay a yearly tribute of 300 heads of wolves to the kings of England. Such hunts eventually disposed of Brer Wolf, but not till the 18th century; what tribute in millions would it require to see the last of Brer Rabbit in our midst?

## MURDEROUS MILLINERY

### Happy Revival of the Ostrich Plume

We are sorry to see that the use of prohibited plumage to decorate hats continues, in spite of the law.

The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds has prepared a pamphlet in English, French, and German properly attacking the sale and possession of this "murderous millinery," and it is being distributed at the Empire Exhibition in Glasgow and at the conference of the International Council of Women to be held in Edinburgh.

At the conference a resolution will be put asking affiliated councils to make every effort to secure the prohibition of the export, import, or sale of wild bird plumage for dress purposes.

We are glad to note the revival of the ostrich feather, for the use of this ornament, which involves no cruelty, will both prevent the use of egret and other plumes and do good to our friends on the ostrich farms of South Africa. The Queen is wearing ostrich plumes, the beauty of which it is difficult to equal in the world of feathers.

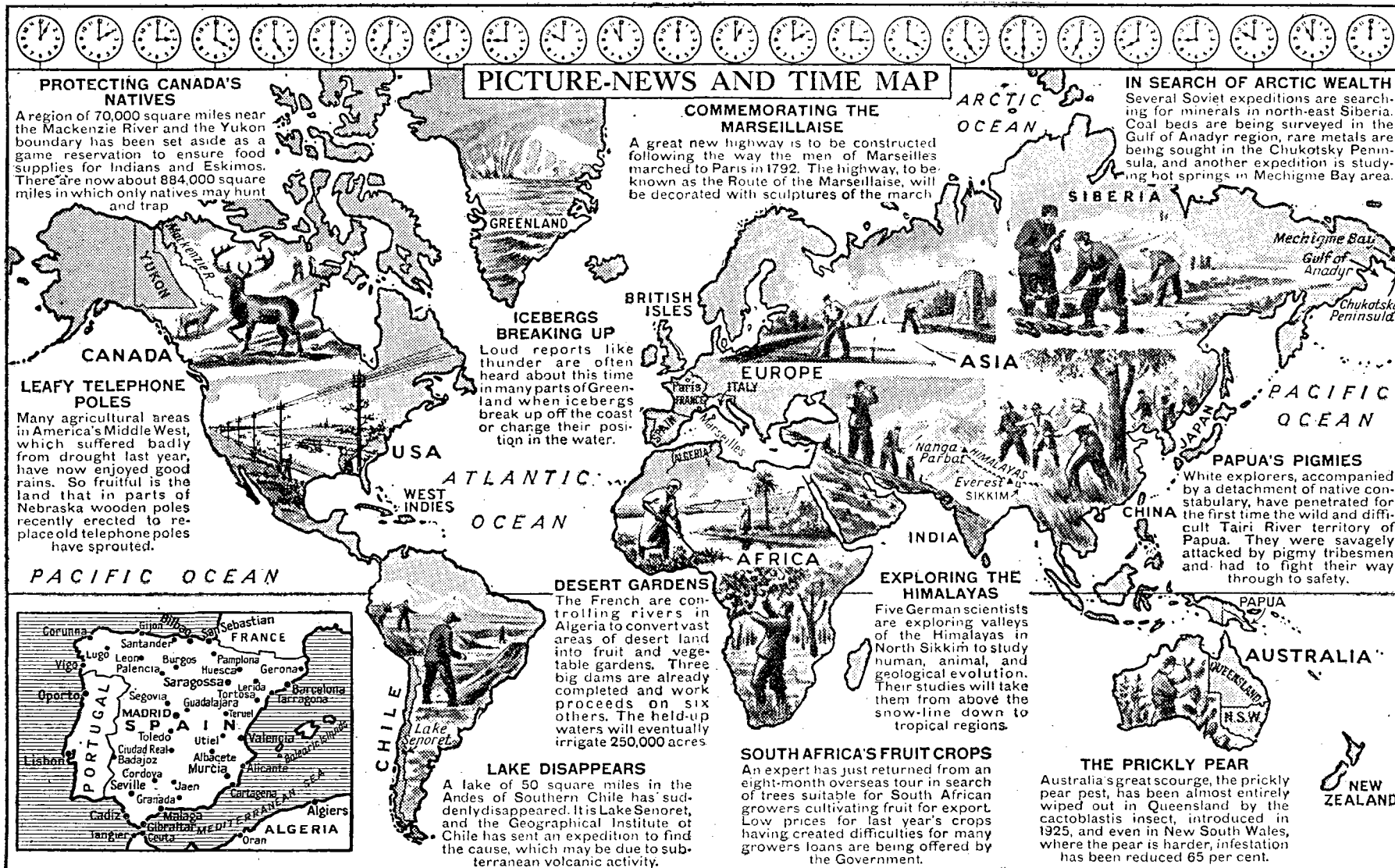
### The Two Great Treks

Just over a hundred years ago in South Africa 10,000 Boers left British territory and began their Great Trek across the Orange River to the north.

They travelled in ox-wagons, and now in their memory two of the same kind of Boer wagons are to follow the routes they took, calling at more than 60 towns. They will start in August, one wagon going to Pretoria and the other to Natal.

What a world of wonder has come about between these two great treks!

A national crusade against the Litter Lout is being started by the Touring Club of France.





## STARTING LIFE AGAIN

### A Haven to Refugees

S A is an abbreviation often used for South America; the War Resisters International suggest that these initials may also stand for Starting Again to families to whom Europe could offer nothing.

At Pital near Popayan in Colombia, South America, there is now in existence what is called the Colonia Alemanian (the Colony for All Men), where 17 families are trying to turn 300 acres of land into a Promised Land for themselves and for others who may settle there. The International Christian Committee for German Refugees has helped them to get there; the Colombian Government has been willing to receive them; it remains for the War Resisters International, of which Mr Lansbury is chairman, to collect £2000 to keep the settlement going until the first harvest has been gathered. The W R I has undertaken to send out its own representative to run the settlement.

### A Great Opportunity

The first settlers have already cleared most of the land of its undergrowth (often 15 to 20 feet high), and ploughed some of it with the one ox they possess. Maize, potatoes, and orange trees are to be planted, and they hope to acquire a lorry to take their produce into Popayan, 40 miles away, for sale.

Thousands of young men and women have of recent years been leaving their native lands to avoid prison or concentration camp. Now more are coming from Austria. Some European countries refuse to admit them; others allow them to cross the frontier but deny them permission to work and earn their living. Colombia, whose climate is said to be in most parts "such as we in England dream of," seems to offer a great opportunity for some of these people to start life afresh. If the pioneers can make good at least four times as many can settle on the land already cleared, and there is much more available. We hope Europe will give them the comparatively small sum of money they need to win success in their brave new world.

### Emblems of Britain

We have all seen the Rose, Thistle, Daffodil, and Shamrock, symbols of the four kingdoms which make up Britain, on the George the Sixth stamps; we may not be so familiar with some of the other famous British emblems on our stamps.

The Crown has been there from the earliest times, and the Royal Arms can be seen on the 5d Edward the Seventh stamp, and also on one of Queen Victoria. Oak and laurel leaves occur on many British stamps. The George the Fifth 1d stamp which was first issued in 1912 has them. The halfpenny and three-halfpenny showed a pair of dolphins, symbolising supremacy of the sea.

The British lion first appeared in 1911, but he looks much fatter on the British Empire Exhibition stamps of 1924 and 1925. Britannia riding the waves can be seen on the still current values of 2s 6d, 5s, 10s, and £1.

Finally, the Postal Union stamps of 1929 provide the Union Jack on the 1d, and St George on the £1.

### Fullstop Like a House

A microscope that would magnify the fullstop at the end of this sentence so that it would appear to be the size of an average house has just been installed at Harvard University in America.

The instrument, which magnifies 50,000 diameters, is said to be more powerful than any other microscope of its kind in the world. It weighs a ton and has a little high-precision electric motor for focusing. It is being used mostly to examine mineral ores.

## The Coming of Jupiter WERE HE AS NEAR AS OUR MOON

JUPITER is now coming into view in the late evening, at present rising about 11 o'clock. Soon after this hour he may be seen low in the south-east and, being the brightest object in that part of the sky, cannot be mistaken. As Jupiter rises about half an hour earlier each week he will soon be much more in evidence, adorning the south-east sky as Venus does the west, when these, the two most brilliant planets, may be compared.

As Jupiter is approaching us he is also increasing in brilliance. Just now he is about 402 million miles away, but in six weeks' time, when he will be at his nearest to us this year, this distance will be 373 million miles. Notwithstanding the much greater brilliancy of Venus, Jupiter appears much the larger when seen through a telescope, the present difference in apparent size and appearance being shown in the picture. Actually Jupiter is 1420 times larger than Venus.

### What Would Happen

On Thursday evening, July 14, Jupiter will appear near the Moon, but were he actually as near as the Moon to us his great globe would be seen to be 41 times wider; with his enormous diameter of 88,700 miles he would in fact completely cover the constellation of Orion. If Jupiter were as near to us as the Moon and averaged only 240,000 miles away our world would be very seriously affected. If he came so close to us one thing at least would have to happen—that is, the Earth would have to revolve round Jupiter very much as the Moon at present does round the Earth. For his great sphere, 1300 times the size of our world, contains 315 times more material, as measured by weight, and consequently his great gravitational pull would tend constantly to draw the Earth toward him, and it would only be the speed with which our world was travelling in her orbit round the Sun that would save the Earth from falling right into Jupiter. It follows that the speed with which the Earth travelled round Jupiter would have to be very much greater than the rate at which the Moon travels round the Earth, for our world is only 81 times heavier than the Moon.

We can see an example of this state of things in Jupiter's satellite Io, which revolves round Jupiter at an average distance but little farther than

our Moon is from the Earth, but Io has to perform the journey in only one day 18½ hours to escape being drawn into Jupiter.

How different conditions would be for us did the Earth thus revolve round Jupiter and were he as near as our Moon! One of the most trying would be the immense tides he would raise, rendering only the highlands and mountain regions habitable. So, assuming that the Earth rotated as at present in 24 hours, it becomes easy to realise what a powerful brake the raising of these tides would



The present apparent sizes of Jupiter (right) and Venus

have upon the Earth's rotation, with the certain result that her rate of rotation would lengthen and the day would eventually be as long as it took our world to revolve round Jupiter. We thus see why it is that our Moon only revolves once in the Earth's revolution, and so always keeps the same face toward her. The same thing would happen if the Earth revolved round and so near to Jupiter.

Then how strange would be the spectacle with that huge sphere of Jupiter always hanging, as it were, in the same place in the sky, while the stars or other planets passed beside him or behind him. Periodically the Sun would also pass behind him, and at times remain hidden for an hour or more, according to the length of the day.

The sight would be grand, as all that would be seen of Jupiter would be a vast ring of light where the sunlight was refracted through his upper atmosphere. The glories of the Sun's corona could then be studied at leisure, together with the mysteries of the Zodiacal Light. But these things would be seen from only one side of the Earth and never from the other side; in fact, excursions would have to be made to the favoured side to see Jupiter at all. G. F. M.

## The Big Hole in the Street

READERS of Ian Hay will remember that in one of his merry stories a party of young people, arrayed as navvies, solemnly marched to a street, put up the usual traffic notices, and set to work to make a big hole in the road, while a policeman looked on.

It seems that this piece of fiction was matched in real life in America not long ago. One fine morning a party of seeming workmen turned up in Fifth Avenue, New York, armed with picks, shovels, and pneumatic drills, and briskly started an excavation. Red flags were set up, and as the parapher-

alia of street digging cluttered the avenue policemen were sent out from headquarters to divert traffic.

The crater grew deeper, the water and gas mains were laid bare as the digging continued furiously. The next morning, however, no workmen appeared; in fact, they never appeared again. When angry merchants finally called up municipal headquarters no one there knew anything about it, and when last we heard no one yet knew anything for certain about it. The hole was filled in, of course, but who dug it, and who paid for it, will probably never be known.

### New Canadians

"New Canadians" from eight countries of Europe (the children dressed in national costumes) gathered in Montreal to celebrate New Canadian Allegiance Day, which it is hoped will become an annual institution on June 9.

The idea has been promoted by a committee of citizens who feel that such a demonstration will have a twofold effect, giving new Canadians an opportunity to voice their allegiance to Canada and the King, and enabling the people of Canada to extend a hand of fellowship to these people of other lands who have come to Canada to enjoy liberty and law.

### A Maori Chief

The brown-skinned Maoris of New Zealand are one of the most interesting of the native races of our British Commonwealth of Nations.

From being a race of warriors they have become in less than 100 years no less famous as athletes and good farmers.

There died recently near the town of Napier a Maori chieftain of high rank, Mr Kurupo Tareha, aged 68, who won the amateur golf championship of New Zealand in 1903. He had been educated at the Mission College and was well known as an excellent footballer and racing cyclist in his youth.

## THE CRIPPLE WHO LOVED A GARDEN

### Amazing John Loudon

It is 100 years since John Claudius Loudon finished a work of reference of tremendous importance, a book describing every tree and shrub found in the British Isles.

Born at Cambuslang in 1783, John Loudon was a farmer's son. He had a good education in Edinburgh, where he mastered Latin, much against his will, afterwards learning French and Italian. Even as a boy he showed great interest in botany, early making clever sketches and copious notes of plants.

### Loss of Health and Fortune

As a young man he made a stir in London by his book on laying out public squares, and in 1806 he was elected a fellow of the Linnean Society. Unhappily he was struck down by rheumatic fever and disabled for two years, being then left with a shortened left arm. In spite of this he leased a piece of land which he greatly improved, and took pupils in agriculture. By 1812 he had made a profit of £15,000, but after a tour abroad he came home to find that all his investments had failed and that he was almost without a penny.

Then began the most wonderful time of his life. Weak and crippled, suffering night and day, he began writing on gardening as few people have ever done. His right arm was broken and had to be amputated; his left arm was disabled so that he could use only two fingers; one of his legs was almost useless; but he worked from seven in the morning till eight at night, and went on after dinner till two in the morning. In 1822 he published his Encyclopedia of Gardening which led the way to the love of gardens and the general ability to care for them which is now one of the outstanding features of the Englishman at home. In 1825 he published an Encyclopedia of Agriculture, and four years afterwards he brought out an Encyclopedia of Plants.

### Superhuman Efforts

For a time he was editing five monthly magazines; some of John Ruskin's earliest writings appeared in one of them.

Unhappily his ventures were often unsuccessful, and he found himself in debt to the extent of £10,000. It was to pay off this debt that he worked night and day. Like Sir Walter Scott, he was determined to clear himself, and by what seem to have been superhuman efforts he managed to reduce the debt to about £2400, though it was afterwards increased by another £1200 owing to further misfortunes. With his wife and two sisters to help him, he toiled ceaselessly, and was dictating his Self-Instruction for Gardeners when he died, standing.

It is impossible to estimate how much we owe today to this remarkable man who worked unceasingly through a lifetime of suffering.

### HUMANE KILLER

#### The Healthiest Way

A reader reminds us of one point left out in the C N's condemnation of the cruelty still persisting in 500 towns in the slaughter of animals for food.

Some meat traders pretend that the stunning of animals with the humane slaughterer harms the meat. *The contrary is the case.*

The flesh of animals slaughtered in pain and terror under brutal conditions becomes unhealthy. The trade knows it as "fevered meat," which is dangerous to those who eat it. So, in the interests of human beings as well as of the animals, the killing should be quick and painless, as it is with the cartridge of the humane killer gun.

*Does your butcher kill his meat in the healthy way?*



# THE FEUD

A Short Story  
By T. C. Bridges

## CHAPTER 1

### Enemies

HARRY CAPELL came quickly into the little Camrock Hotel at High Harling. He was so light on his feet he seemed to be dancing rather than walking. His eyes fell upon another boy standing by a table in the office, and Harry stopped so short that his sister Kathleen, who was just behind, bumped into him.

"What's the matter?" she demanded, but Harry did not answer. He turned sharply to the left into the lounge.

Kathleen, following, was amazed at the expression on her brother's face. He looked utterly upset.

"I wish you'd tell me what is the matter," she said sharply. Kathleen Capell was a sweet-tempered girl and very fond of her brother, but his queer conduct naturally worried her.

"Didn't you see? That big lout by the table. It's Melrose."

"Melrose. Oh, you mean the boy you had a row with last term."

"Row! The fellow nearly got me sacked. Fancy running into him here! Did anyone ever dream of such luck?"

"He didn't look so bad," Kathleen said peaceably.

"You don't know him," Harry answered hotly. "Bumptious little beast! This will simply ruin our holiday."

"Speak for yourself," said Kathleen with spirit. "I'm going to enjoy myself. And don't be silly. You needn't have anything to do with him if you don't want to."

She went upstairs and Harry followed. Bill Melrose had left the lounge so the two boys did not meet.

After dinner Harry refused to sit in the lounge. He went off for a walk. Kathleen was annoyed. It looked as if this stupid feud was going to spoil her holiday. She was older than Harry and, though very fond of him, quite realised that his quick temper was apt to get him into trouble. She sat reading a magazine.

Someone turned on the gramophone and two or three couples began to dance. Suddenly a shadow loomed above her.

"Hope you won't think it cheek, but will you dance, Miss Capell?" came a slow, rather shy voice.

Kathleen looked up at Bill Melrose. He was the very opposite of Harry, big, slow, quiet-spoken. He looked to be immensely strong. Kathleen hesitated.

"Don't if you don't want to," Bill said. "I know your brother bars me, but—but I thought you might help me to straighten things out." Kathleen got up.

"Of course I'll dance. And I hope we can put things straight."

Bill was a bit heavy on his feet, but he danced carefully. Then he took Kathleen back and sat down beside her. "Has Harry told you about our row?" he asked.

Kathleen shook her head.

"He's got hold of the wrong end of the stick," Bill said. "Harry was giving a dormitory feast. Of course, that's against the rules, but there's no great harm in it and the prefects—I'm one—don't generally interfere. But this time they were making such a row that they were keeping the chaps in my dormitory awake. So I went in and told them to shut up."

"Harry got annoyed. You know he thinks he ought to be a prefect himself. He was pretty cheeky. He made me angry and I said I'd give him a licking if he didn't shut up. And just then old Doodle—that's our housemaster Mr Macdonald—came in. Then the fat was in the fire. Doodle gave Harry roo lines to learn and gated him for a week. Harry thinks it's all my fault."

"It was all your fault." Here was Harry himself. His face was white and his very blue eyes blazing, but he spoke in a low voice. "It was your fault, Melrose, and I think it's a mean trick trying to get round my sister."

Bill merely shrugged and walked away. Kathleen too got up and went to her room, where she locked the door. Harry went to bed that night angrier than ever.

A river ran past the hotel. It came out of the big Calderon Reservoir about five miles back in the hills, and there was good fishing in the lake. Harry was keen on fishing, and he and his sister had hired a boat for their fortnight's stay. But next morning Kathleen flatly refused to go fishing with Harry.

"Perhaps you'd rather go with Melrose," Harry retorted.

"Perhaps I should," Kathleen answered, so Harry went off by himself.

So things went on for three days, and by that time Harry and Kathleen were both

getting desperate. Bill, though, he said nothing, was not happy. He liked Kathleen and wanted to talk to her and take her boating, but could not risk an open row with Harry.

The fourth day dawned hot and still. Even on the lake, high as it was, there was hardly a ripple. Both boys were out again in their boats, taking advantage of every cat's-paw of breeze to cast their flies.

All day the air grew hotter and more sultry, and towards five it began to cloud up heavily. Fish don't rise in thunder weather, and Bill, who knew more about it than Harry, pulled ashore and got out his thermos of tea and some sandwiches. He meant to wait till the rain was over and take advantage of the evening rise.

The storm broke suddenly. It came with a furious gust of wind, and in a moment the surface of the lake was a mass of short, foam-capped waves. Bill saw Harry far out, pulling desperately to get back to the landing-place. But the wind was driving him down toward the dam at the east end.

"Silly ass!" growled Bill. "He'll smash up if he hits the dam."

## CHAPTER 2

### The Storm

SUDDENLY Bill sprang up. Harry had caught a crab and lost one oar. His boat was drifting swiftly toward the rocky end of the dam. There the boat would not only be smashed but Harry would probably be drowned. Bill sprang into his boat and drove her with powerful strokes down the lake.

With the wind behind him he travelled fast, but even so Harry was dangerously near the rocks when Bill reached him.

"Jump aboard!" he shouted. "We can't save the boat."

Another gust roared down, so fierce that it was all Bill could do to hold his boat. Harry had sense enough to know that his only chance was to obey Bill, but he was furious at having to accept a favour from him. He jumped nimbly aboard, and Bill set to pulling for the nearest spot where they could land.

The force of the wind was terrific; the big muscles on Bill's arms stood out like

ropes as he exerted all his strength to keep off the rocks. As there were only two sculls Harry could not help. He had to sit in the stern and watch Bill struggle. He saw his own boat crash among the boulders, turn over and sink, and he knew for a certainty that he would have been drowned but for Bill's quick action and great strength.

Bill won to shore just as the rain swept up. There was a blaze of lightning, a deafening peal of thunder, then across the lake came such a downpour as neither boy had ever seen. Luckily there was an old shed near by and they dashed into it. Next moment the whole scene was blotted out.

"Thanks. Thanks very much," Harry said to his companion, but he spoke so stiffly that Bill was not appeased.

"Don't bother to thank me," he retorted. "I'd do as much for anyone."

Harry bit his lip, and the two sat in silence while the rain roared down with tropical fury. Neither thought it could last, but at the end of an hour it was coming down as hard as ever and waterfalls were pouring down the hills in every direction.

Another hour passed and still it streamed. It was near sunset and the clouds so thick it was twilight. Both could see that the lake had risen a matter of three feet. At last Bill got up.

"I'm going home," he said briefly. He went to the boat and got his rod and creel, and Harry followed. Still without speaking, they took the path which led past the end of the dam and down by the river. Reaching the dam, they saw that the water was coming over the top and thundering in a mass of foam into the swollen river. It was a wonderful sight. Bill pulled up.

"Those sluice gates ought to be open," he said. He went closer and gazed at the dam. When he turned to Harry his face was anxious. "Isn't that a crack?" he asked.

Harry saw that there was a crevice in the top of the dam. Already the water was squirting through it.

"You're right," he said. "I say, it'll be a pretty mess if it bursts."

"Mess," replied Bill grimly. "It will wipe out everything for miles." He started. "The hotel!" he exclaimed. "It will hit that too. It's only about 20 feet above the river."

Harry went white. "Kathleen's there," he muttered.

"And my mother," said Bill.

## JACKO DOES HIS BEST

ONE night Uncle George arrived to pay the family a flying visit. The next morning he bustled off again, having tipped Jacko a new and shining two-shilling piece.

Jacko's pals soon heard of it, and he was at once the most popular boy in the school. They made so much fuss of him that he began to think what a jolly good fellow he must be.

"Come on, chaps!" he cried, when

"Sakes alive!" he suddenly exclaimed, staring at two coppers in his hand. "If I haven't gone and lost the money!"

"He never had it!" bawled one of the boys. "He's been mugging us!"

With a bound they all pounced on him, and there was a fine old scuffle. Just then a policeman appeared. Like a shot, Jacko's friends discreetly vanished, all except the faithful Chimp.



"Here you are, my lad," he cried.

school was over. "I'll treat the lot of you at the tuck-shop."

They were gaily trooping along when Jacko spotted "Old Peachey," the cripple, at his usual corner. He darted up to him and dropped a coin in the outstretched hat.

Jacko's friends didn't mean to risk any more pennies disappearing that way, so they picked him up and carried him shoulder-high to the sweet shop. Outside there big discussions took place, but at last the sweets were all chosen, and Jacko dived into his pocket for the two-shilling piece.

"More trouble!" groaned Jacko, seeing the constable making straight for him.

But it wasn't—this time. Smiling broadly, the bobby held out a florin. "Here you are, my lad," he cried. "Old Peachey tells me you gave him this in mistake for a penny."

Jacko gasped. "I've given him one in place of it," added the man. "So off you go and buy your sweets!"

With a delighted grin Jacko scampered into the shop, and this time he and Chimp were alone to share the spoils.

"Bill," said Harry harshly, "can't we raise the sluice?"

Bill shook his head. "No, it's padlocked. Verne, the bailiff, has the key."

"Where does he live?"

"Crag Cottage. It's that little place on a sort of ledge at the side of the road, about a mile before you reach the hotel."

"Four miles," Harry said, in a low, strained voice. He tore off his coat.

"What are you going to do?" Bill asked.

"Run for it," Harry answered briefly. "It's downhill. I can do it in less than half an hour."

Harry raced down the steep, winding road. In the previous spring he had won the mile race at St Osyth's, but four miles was a far stiffer task. And the rain made it still harder. In many places regular torrents ran across the road, cutting the surface badly. To his left was the constant thunder of the ever-rising river, and in his mind sheer terror that the dam might break before he could reach his destination.

He gained the first milestone in just over five minutes. But now he found himself breathing hard and forced himself to check a little, for otherwise he knew he would never do it. Another mile and he pulled up short, for a mass of rock had fallen from the bluff above and blocked the road. And among the boulders was a smashed motorcycle, and at the side of the road a man lying flat on the soaked grass. He beckoned feebly.

"I'm Verne," he said. "Started when the storm broke. Ran into this and broke my leg. How's the dam?"

"Cracking. I was coming for help."

A spasm of terror twitched Verne's face. "Cracking! If it goes it will take out the whole valley. There'll be scores of lives lost." He pulled out a key.

"Do you know how to open the sluice?"

"Yes."

"Then run—run for all you're worth. You may be in time."

"But you?"

"Never mind me. I can stick it."

Harry waited no longer. He took the key and ran. It was uphill now and he had already done two miles at top speed. Before he was halfway back his legs felt like lead. But the thought of that crack drove him. He seemed to see it widening each moment. He drove himself desperately.

His lungs felt as if they would burst as at last he sighted the dam. He reached the end and clung to a rock, so dizzy he could hardly see.

Suddenly Bill's boat came racing up. The keel grated on the shingle below him.

"The key," Harry said hoarsely. Bill snatched it, then snatched Harry too—bundled him into the boat, and pulled with mighty strokes for the other end of the dam. The few moments' rest gave Harry time to get his breath, and when they reached the sluice he scrambled out after Bill.

The top of the wall was scattered with fragments of stone where Bill had been vainly trying to break off the padlock, but now the key turned at once in the well-oiled lock. Bill flung off the chain and put his weight on the windlass lever. Harry helped, and presently up came the great sluice gate.

Water spouted out beneath it in a foaming mass. The boys kept on turning until the great steel leaf was fully lifted. Then both dropped down upon the streaming masonry and drew long panting breaths. The rain had ceased and pale blue sky showed in the west. For a long time they sat silent, then Harry spoke.

"She isn't rising any more," he said quietly. "Do you think she's safe, Bill?"

"Yes, thanks to you," said Bill gruffly.

"But how you got back with the key in less than half an hour beats me."

Harry explained. "So you see I only had four miles in all," he ended.

"Enough too. I couldn't have begun to do it."

"Any more than I could have pulled that boat in the storm," returned Harry.

"Rats!" was Bill's impolite reply. He got up.

"Suppose we go and help that poor chap with the broken leg?" he suggested.

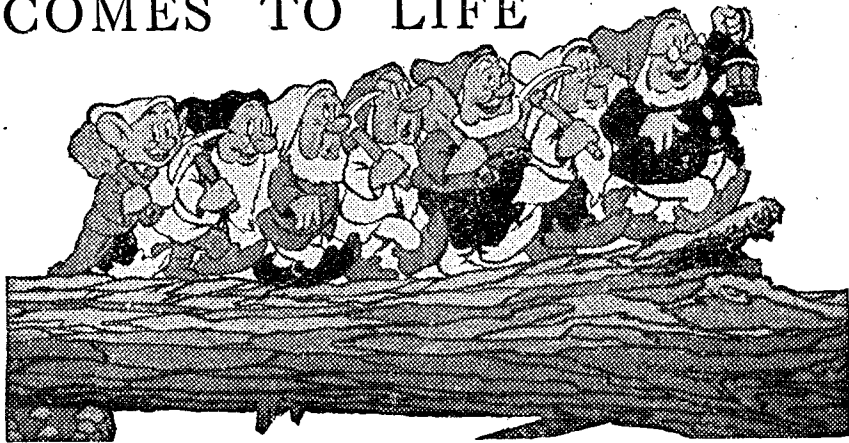
"Right," said Harry. But there was no need, for just then a car came roaring up the hill, and in it the engineer in charge of the dam. He was followed by a lorry with a party of workmen.

The engineer said all sorts of nice things to the boys and told them that his man should drive them back. The two strolled into the hotel arm-in-arm, and Kathleen, who had been waiting anxiously, nearly fainted with surprise. But she had the good sense not to ask a single question. She had her reward when Bill danced with her all the evening, and both boys insisted on her coming fishing with them next day.

The three had a really jolly holiday.



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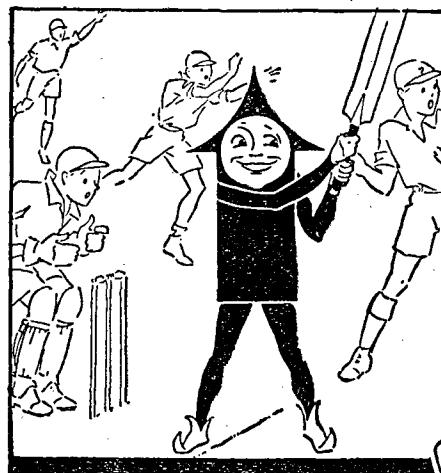
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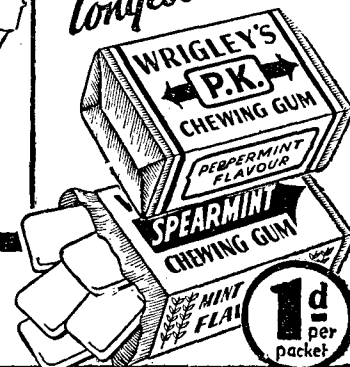
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E.S. 38

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... need not be told that it is a paper which deals with all the news that *really* matters ... that the sensational and the sordid have no place in its pages ... that the boy or girl, or the man or woman, who reads the CN regularly stands out above the crowd as well-informed concerning the affairs of the world today.

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Please deliver THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER every  
Thursday until further notice to the following address:

Date

Signature

If no newsagent is available the CN can be delivered at any address in the world for 11s a year. Please send a cheque or postal order to The Amalgamated Press, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 9, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

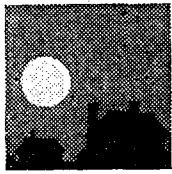
## THE BRAN TUB

Wild Wireless

AN owl who had hooted all night  
Left the mice in a terrible  
fright.  
When she went to her bed,  
"That's a broadcast, they said,  
Which no rodent could hear with  
delight!"

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus is in the west. In the morning Jupiter is in the south and Saturn is in the south-east. The picture shows the moon at ten o'clock on Tuesday evening, July 12.

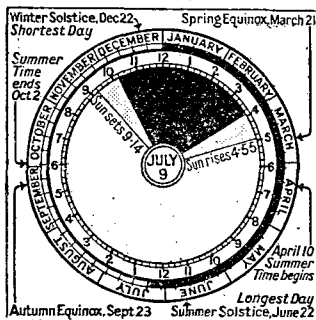


### What Happened on Your Birthday

July 10, Hadrian died . . . 138  
11. Battle of Oudenarde . . . 1708  
12. Henry VIII married Catherine Parr . . . 1543  
13. Bertrand du Guesclin died 1380  
14. Madame de Staël died . . . 1817  
15. Cardinal Manning born . . . 1808  
16. Pierre Jean de Béranger, French songwriter, died 1857

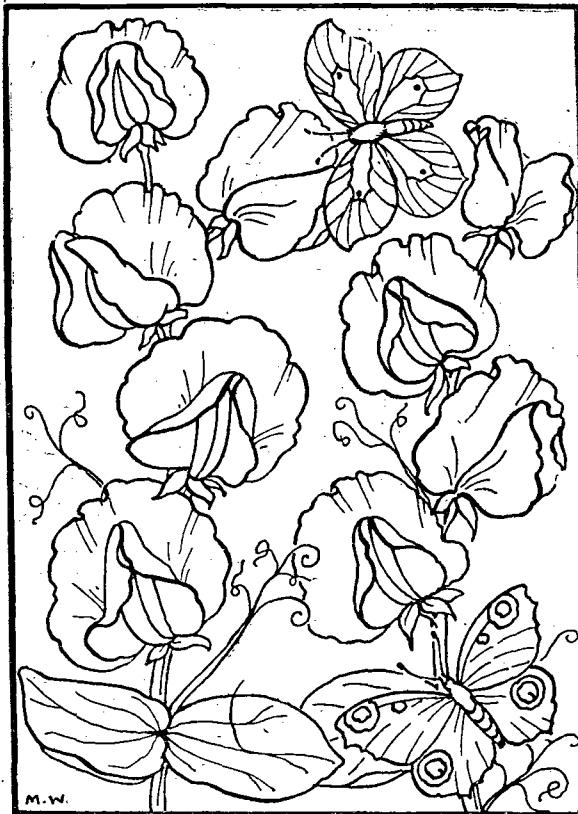
### The C N Calendar

This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on July 9. The black section of the circle



under the months shows at a glance how much of the year has already gone.

## HOLIDAY MONEY FOR PAINTING THIS PICTURE



HOLIDAY time will soon be here, when we all find plenty to do with our pocket-money. Let the C N help you to earn some.

Two prizes of ten shillings each and 25 half-crowns are offered for the best-coloured version of this picture sent by girls and boys of 15 or under.

Paste your picture on a postcard and colour it with paints or crayons, add your name, address, and age, and send it to C N Competition No. 57, 1 Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, July 14.

There is no entry fee, and all will have equal chances of winning, for allowance will be made for age. The Editor's decision is final.

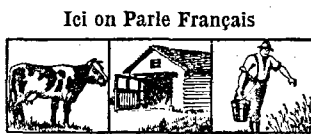
### WOULD YOU LIKE AN EXTRA HALF-CROWN?

THERE is still more money to be earned by girls and boys who will help the C N by introducing the paper to their friends. At the foot of your entry write the name and address of a friend who is not already a reader and who promises to take the C N for not less than a month.

If you are a prizewinner and your entry bears the name and address of a new reader half-a-crown will be awarded in addition to the prize.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Hidden Cricketers. Hassett, Ward, Waite, Word Building, Era, Vera, Ada, Dave, Ned, Dan, red, van, vend, an, ear, ran, dare, raven, and, read, dear, are, end, near. Transposition. Eire, Erie.



Les vaches vont à l'étable pour qu'on les traie. Voici le laitier qui vient.

The cows are going to the shed to be milked. Here comes the dairyman.

W	A	D	E	R	S	B	O	S	S	E	S
A	I	R	E	I	P	O	T	H			
T	I	N	A	I	S	L	E	A	T	E	
E	M	E	N	D	S	E	N	T	I	R	E
R	A	R	E	L	I	E	I	R	A	N	
G	W	R	E	C	K	E	R	P			
R	I	N	S	E	E	R	E	A	P	S	
O	N	E	A	D	D	E	R	D	E	E	
B	E	W	A	R	E	E	S	C	O	R	T

### FIVE-MINUTE STORY

JACK and Len Vernon stepped into the tiny station of the Black Rock Miniature Railway. Len took the tickets while Jack seated himself with the rest.

The little car, like a small old-fashioned tram, ran swiftly upward past many sights new to them, including some great holes a few yards on the land side of the track.

When they passed a particularly large one Len leaned out excitedly. Then, to his horror, two cards fluttered to the ground. He had lost their return tickets!

At the Black Rock they set out to descend the cliff to the

caves below. They found a long cave which went far into the earth.

It was getting dark when they turned to come out again. It seemed they would never reach the open, then at last a small opening appeared, but, to their dismay, the way was under water. "Help!" wailed Jack. "The tide has risen and cut us off!"

"Let's go as far back as possible," said Len. "We shall be drowned if we stop here."

They turned back and lit a fire with the aid of rubbish and dry seaweed; and by this time the entrance had dwindled still more.

### A SHARK AND A TICKET

"There's no use moping," said Len; "we may as well swim around while we wait for the tide to turn."

And in they plunged. "We'll play Frog in the Water," said Jack. "You sit on the bottom while I time you."

Jack began to count, then gasped, for facing him in the water was a great shark. Len's back was to the monster and he placidly watched his brother.

But he heard Jack's scream, and as he leapt out of the water the shark turned on its side, with its horrid teeth gleaming. As the creature thrashed in baffled rage they

both cringed against the wall. In doing so they dislodged a number of rocks which crashed down, and as the waterway here was shallow the pile almost reached the surface, so blocking the shark's way.

Seizing their chance, the boys dashed past and left it to its fate.

At the far end of the cave they suddenly caught sight of a shaft. They climbed up this and found themselves at the side of the tramway.

As they rested the wind fluttered two green cards. Len put out his hand and clutched them—they were the lost railway tickets.

TRY MY  
B R E W  
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Name and Address in Block Letters.....  
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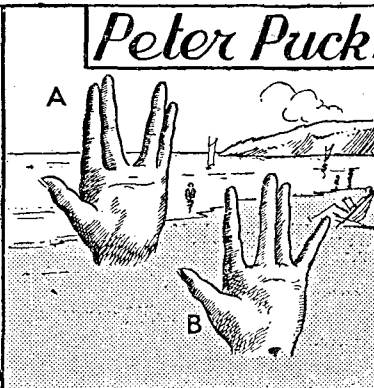
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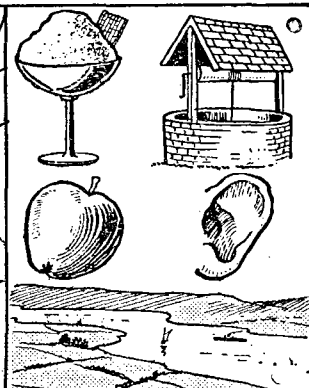
Rearrange the letters in each bubble to make the name of one of Peter Puck's friends



Try to do this. Put all four fingers together, then open them as at A. Put them together again and open them as at B.



Black in with a pencil those parts of the design necessary to make a picture of a cricketer.



Place the same letter in front of each object shown to make a new word in each case.